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A GALLERY OF AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

II. HARRISON TO JOHNSON.

As soon as we have passed by Van Buren's somewhat enigmatic figure, an oppressive dullness settles down upon the occupants of our gallery, and we have to look forward to one bright tall form at the end in order to resume with any cheerfulness the survey of their uninteresting physiognomies, amongst which the soldierly countenance of General Taylor, seen as it were but in profile, alone detaches itself with any distinctness. And yet there is more behind these dull faces than behind the far nobler ones of their predecessors. These mediocre Presidents are as screens placed before the fiery furnace of their country's internal development. They are utterly incapable of making its history; but its history is making itself rapidly under their nominal control.

Of the first in the list, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, of Ohio, a Virginian by birth, and thereby the fifth Virginian President (born 1773, died 1841), a few words will suffice, seeing his Presidency lasted but thirty-three days. His name was great, especially in what was then the wild West (now not even the centre of the Union), and some foolish taunt flung out against him by a Democratic paper (for his election represents a temporary Whig triumph), gave his supporters the unusual advan-

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tage of a popular cry in his favour, and caused his return—in the midst of the "log cabin and hard cider mania," pleasantly described by a late Secessionist writer—as a backwoods champion. But he was in fact a man of good family and education, son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, brought up to the medical profession, and who, besides a distinguished military career, in which he had won the victories, great at the time, of "Tippecanoe" over the Indians, of "the Thames" over our General Procter, had sat in the House of Representatives, in the Senate of Ohio and of the United States, had been governor and lieutenant-governor of territories, and United States' Minister in Columbia. I have had the unprofitable curiosity of looking through his life, in one of those biographies which form a regular element in Presidential elections; and, whilst the perusal fully convinced me that he was a worthy and well-meaning old gentleman, I must say that I found in all his recorded speeches the same pompous mediocrity which marks his "Inaugural," sole record of his Presidential life, and thereby rested satisfied in the conclusion that the world lost but little by his early death. Whether it gained anything, considering who succeeded him, is another question.

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Now first came into play that provision of the American Constitution which promotes the Vice-President to the Presidency on any vacancy during the quadrennial term of office.

JOHN TYLER, of Virginia (sixth Virginian President, born 1790, died 1862), stepped into General Harrison's place. The son, he too, of an old revolutionary patriot; a college graduate at seventeen, a barrister at nineteen, soon rising to large practice, member of his State Legislature at twenty-one, sent to Congress at twenty-six, Governor of Virginia, United States Senator, a candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1836, and finally Vice-President and President in 1841. Thus far evidently a most successful man; but all his life, as I collect, one of the most unstable and shifty of politicians. After supporting the election of John Quincy Adams, he opposed him in the senate; after censuring Jackson for his conduct in the Seminole war, he supported his election; then, turning against him, patronized South Carolina nullification, and voted alone against what was known as the "Force bill" for putting it down; spoke of the United States Bank as unconstitutional, and joined in the vote of censure upon Jackson for withdrawing the national deposits from it. Disgraceful as was the conduct of the Whig party—claiming to be constitutional and conservative—in supporting for the Vice-Presidency a former partizan of the nullification treason, they were richly repaid for it by the conduct of their *protégé* in the Presidency. He quarrelled and squabbled with his Cabinet and with Congress; had four Secretaries of State in four years, and ended by throwing himself into the arms of Calhoun and the South. Under Southern threats of "Texas or Disunion," Texas was admitted as a State without consulting Mexico; and, though the wisdom and moderation of Lords Aberdeen and Ashburton obtained the settlement of various pending questions of boundary, &c. by the Ashburton treaty (10th August, 1842), England received impertinent pro-slavery despatches from two successive Southern

Secretaries of State, and was insulted in Mr. Tyler's last message to Congress by an insinuation that she only kept up her anti-slave-trade cruisers to furnish her West Indian colonies with so-called free negroes, but real slaves. Mr. Tyler, however, had bid in vain for popularity, and could not even, on the expiration of his substitutionary term of office, be re-nominated on his own account for the Presidency, which was transferred over the head of Henry Clay to the personage of jaw-breaking name mentioned in the next paragraph (1845). He withdraws into private life; turns up again during the Secession crisis in 1861, to preside over a "Peace Conference" of Virginia, which did no good, and ended, fitly enough, as a member of the Confederate Congress at Richmond.

Was his successor in the Presidency any better? JAMES KNOX POLK, of Tennessee (born 1795, died 1849), was chosen by the Democratic Convention, which nominated him (Calhoun proudly refusing to stand) as being a second-rate man, and certainly justified his title to the character. A North Carolinian by birth, his family, like Jackson's and Monroe's, were from the north of Ireland. He had sat in the Legislature of his State in Congress fourteen years, and had been Speaker of the House of Representatives during part of Jackson's and Van Buren's Presidencies (1835-9); then Governor of Tennessee. Take out from Jackson every single higher quality, and the *caput mortuum* which remains of self-willed ambition and unscrupulous pro-slavery partizanship represents pretty correctly James K. Polk as a politician. He took James Buchanan's ill-starred name for Secretary of State; and entered at once, in his enormously long "Inaugural," upon a wonderful course of unscrupulous Southern insolence toward the world, bullying England on the Oregon boundary question, and Mexico, apparently for being as yet but partly eaten up by the American adventurers who had wrested Texas from her. England, however, had only to be coerced into a new boundary treaty (1846); but Mexico into a war. A thoroughly gal-

lant one, no doubt; in which mere handfuls of American troops, most of them volunteers, overran a whole vast country, beat repeatedly several numerous armies, confident in their own prowess, on their own soil, under all odds, supplied the United States with a fresh stock of heroes to last till the War of Secession, and finally tore away from a neighbouring republic 850,000 square miles of territory. But the conquest is big with mischief to the conquerors; the bitter slavery feud breaks out afresh over the division of the spoil. Calhoun openly denies the title of Congress to legislate on slavery for the territories. That which, in the view of the great founders of the Republic, was to have been but a temporary accident in the history of his country, he proclaims to be part and parcel of its Constitution. The right is boldly claimed for the slaveholder to carry his curse with him wherever he goes. The North on the other side tried, by the "Wilmot proviso," to preserve all territory acquired from Mexico free from slavery, as it had been under Mexican rule. California settled the dispute for herself by declaring against slavery. Like Mr. Tyler, Mr. Polk could not win the honour of a renomination to the Presidency, but, more fortunate than he, withdrew from it (1849) to die at his home three months after. A man exemplary in private life, Burton says, the only good acts of whose Presidency were his own, the bad those of his Cabinet. Considering by whom this was headed, we may believe at least that Mr. Polk did not borrow much good from it.

The next name in the list (which represents a temporary Whig triumph) is the only one, between Van Buren and Lincoln, on which the mind dwells with any degree of complacency. General ZACHARY TAYLOR, of Mississippi, another Virginian by birth and consequently seventh Virginian President (born 1784—as I find elsewhere, 1790—died 1850), had been bred a farmer on the then Kentucky frontier, took to arms in 1808, distinguished himself during the

war of 1812, and afterwards in the Seminole war, led (but only after almost extorting express orders to do so from the Executive) the invasion of Mexico, won victories at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, stormed Monterey, and won, with an army chiefly composed of recruits, his final victory at Buena Vista, where "Sherman's and Bragg's artillery," it is recorded, "did fearful execution," after General Scott had taken the chief conduct of the campaign. Beyond all doubt a first-rate soldier, gentle as he was brave; simple in manners, beloved of his soldiers, and who, to be carried by acclamation to the Presidency, in all probability never would have needed to stoop to the slave-power by that purchase of eighty slaves which gave Mr. Lowell occasion for a detail in the canvass of his immortal "Birdofredum Sawin." It is remarkable, indeed, that, differing from all his predecessors, Taylor had never filled any civil office before reaching the highest; but he soon showed that he was not the less fit for it on that account. His Inaugural was short and to the point, and dwelt upon the value of the Union, which he evidently saw to be threatened already from within. "Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it, and maintain it in its integrity to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the Constitution." General Taylor made good his words, so far as time allowed, by moderation towards foreign powers, and by firmness against filibustering. But the country was convulsed through the presumption of the Californians in deciding for themselves against the admission of slavery. The Missouri compromise had only directly *prohibited* slavery, north of 36° 40'; but the slaveholders had chosen to construe it as *establishing* slavery as far as that line, and, part of California running south of it, they howled as if robbed. Clay was trying to patch up the matter, as his wont was, by compromise, and bringing forward an "omnibus" bill of six different members, touching and tinkering everywhere the whole subject

of slavery and the slave-trade. Calhoun was dying. His last speech, prophesying disunion, was read in the Senate by James Mason of Virginia (late Confederate Commissioner to Europe). He died four months before the President, who was killed by a Fourth of July celebration. The oration was long, the wind was high, the old President listened bare-headed. The next day he was attacked by cholera, followed by remittent fever. In five days he was gone; his last soldierly words being:—"I am prepared: I have endeavoured to do my duty." But he left an ominous legacy to his countrymen in the person of his son-in-law, Mr. Jefferson Davis, hero of Mississippi repudiation.

The Presidency now fell to a Northerner by birth, MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, Whig Vice-President, born in 1800; the first who had risen from the actual working classes, since he had been apprenticed to a wool-carder, others say, a clothier; but who had begun studying law at nineteen, risen rapidly into practice, sat in the State Legislature, in Congress, had been unsuccessful candidate for the Governorship of his State, and was finally elected on the same "ticket" with General Taylor, as a safe and respectable second-rate. A well-meaning man, no doubt; well-fitted for subordinate office; who, when he stumbled into the highest, had moreover the good sense to choose really able men (Daniel Webster, and, on his death, Edward Everett) for Secretaries of State. The country continued to be convulsed by Southern agitators. Mr. Jefferson Davis and others protested in writing against the admission of California without slavery; the slave states held a convention at Nashville; a Southern Congress was proposed; South Carolina fixed her quota of representatives at it, Mississippi passing also an act for promoting it. Clay, indeed, obtained what many considered at the time his greatest triumph by the passing of the greater part of his "omnibus" bill; the Fugitive Slave law last (18th September, 1850). But the

attempt to put its powers in force roused the nearly stagnant feelings of the North against man-stealing, and riots occurred at Philadelphia, at Boston. The South took huff again; South Carolina threatened to withdraw from Congress; her Governor, in his message, recommended separation. The filibustering spirit was abroad, and almost involved the United States in a war with Spain, besides various quarrels with England, and Peru. But the Unionist spirit was still strong in the South. Poniset of South Carolina, Houston of Texas, Howell Cobb of Georgia (since a member of the Confederate Cabinet), made a vigorous stand against the Southern fire-eaters. In the midst of the agitation Clay died, and Webster (1852). Mr. Fillmore dropped out of office at the expiration of his term (1853); of which it may be said that he did but little mischief, and hindered some, during its continuance, but that it left him with the delusion that, having filled the highest office, he was fitted for it. Hence we see him turn up again during the great contest of 1857, as the candidate of the "Native American" party, called by its opponents the "Peace-at-any-price men," or "Dough faces"—men who thought that evil can be avoided by not speaking of it. His name was also mentioned last year as that of a possible Vice-President with McClellan.

FRANKLIN PIERCE (born 1804), elected against the candidate of highest character who had been put forward for many years for the Presidency—noble old General Scott, the ever-loyal Virginian—was by no means a favourable exchange even for a mediocrity like Mr. Fillmore. A Northerner (of New Hampshire), a graduate, a successful lawyer, he had risen rapidly through his State Legislature and the United States House of Representatives to the Senate at thirty-three; had withdrawn after five years' service, but had enlisted for the Mexican war as a volunteer, distinguished himself, and reached the rank of brigadier-general. Personally able, but without strength of will, endeared with much personal charm of character, he will live for a while in

the eulogistic biography of his friend Mr. Hawthorne. But his Presidency was most discreditable. He took into his Cabinet the notorious repudiator of Mississippi, the chief of the Southern firebrands, Mr. Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War; sent to Spain as envoy an avowed advocate of the conquest of Cuba, Pierre Soulé; promoted underhand, it is said, the so-called Ostend Conference of filibustering diplomats; kept in hot water with England; received an envoy from the filibuster Walker, then preying on Nicaragua succeeded meanwhile, and rapidly too, in setting Congress against him, and receiving from it various rebuffs. The North distrusted him as a renegade, governing for the benefit of those who were enemies to the Union; the South as a Northerner, even whilst he is acting as a mere Southern partizan. A man stood near, outside of office, who, though of lower type than the Clays, Websters, and Calhouns, yet overshadowed the President as completely as did those the Polks, Tylers, or Fillmores—Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant of Illinois." With his doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," as it was termed in derision—i. e. of the right of the first occupants of a territory to decide for themselves on what terms it should be governed, with or without slavery—he held the Northern democracy, and much of the Southern; the latter, because it seems the natural corollary of the States-rights' theory; the former, because it seems to contain the promise that the bulk of unoccupied territory would be secured, by mere overweigh of numbers, to the free North. Practically, it meant the transferring of grave political questions from the few to the crowd, from the educated to the ignorant, from the decision of a majority in Congress to that of the bludgeon, the rifle, and the bowie-knife, all along every possible border-line between freedom and slavery; in short, the legalizing and organizing of civil war. To the arbitrament of force was thus referred the great internal question of Mr. Pierce's administration—that of the settlement of Kansas—situate *north* of the Missouri compromise

line—with or without slavery. Yet the Kansas struggle, the direct fruit of Mr. Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska bill (which allowed slavery to be introduced north of 36° 30', whenever the people of the territories should think fit), was but the most palpable symptom of the fast advancing break-up of the American polity—otherwise evidenced by such acts, on the part of the South, as Brooks's brutal assault on Sumner, and the cane of honour presented to the former by the ladies of South Carolina; as the open advocacy in convention at Savannah of the reopening of the slave-trade; as the famous Dred Scott decision of the proslavery judges in the Supreme Court of the United States, denying all rights of citizenship to the coloured race, declaring the Missouri compromise illegal so far as it forbade slavery anywhere, and consequently ensuring to the slave-owner the right to carry his slaves even into those states which absolutely forbade slavery; on the part of the North, by open legal resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law, by an Act of Massachusetts professing to repeal it; in both North and South, by the formation of the strange "Know-Nothing" party, having for watchword "America for the Americans," which, however, soon split on the rock of slavery, but out of its better elements, combined with old Whigs, Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, gave birth to the great Republican party, second of the name.

Mr. Pierce in turn sank out of office without obtaining the honour of a re-nomination, nor has he since figured in politics—personal trials, indeed, overshadowing the later years of his life. The new election was a historical one. The Democratic Convention, after hesitating between Douglas and Buchanan, fixed upon the latter for candidate; the Republicans chose Fremont, explorer of the Pacific route, declarer of Californian independence, and first Californian senator; the Native Americans, a remnant of Know-Nothings who had refused to take ground against the extension of slavery, declaring, as before mentioned, for Mr. Fillmore, who, however, only car-

ried the single State of Maryland. The North was by this time far on the way towards unanimity, although Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana kept aloof, so that Buchanan won the day by 174 to 126.

JAMES BUCHANAN was a much older man than his predecessor (born 1791). He was a Pennsylvanian, like several of his predecessors, of a north-of-Ireland stock; well educated, a graduate at eighteen; as usual among Presidents, a lawyer by profession, and a most successful one; had volunteered, but without seeing fire, in 1812; had been elected at twenty-three to the Legislature of his own State; sat ten years in the United States House of Representatives; was sent to Russia, as Minister, by Jackson; then returned to his country, was elected to the Senate, where for ten years he was perhaps the most prominent of the pro-slavery Northerners of the day, loud in favour of annexing Texas, and always ready to invoke the "destiny" of the American people in favour of spoiling a neighbour. He became Secretary of State under Polk, and under Pierce returned to Europe as Minister to this country, where many recollect his unprepossessing, but not unintelligent countenance, and his fair niece, Miss Lane, who did gracefully the honours of the Legation. As such Minister he took part in that incredible Ostend Conference, at which three Ministers of the United States—Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Mason (the Mr. Mason of the *Trent*), and a hotter firebrand than either, Mr. Soulé—met to declare, amongst other things, that their country could "never enjoy repose, nor possess reliable security," so long as Cuba was not "embraced within its boundaries;" that it ought to be purchased, if practicable; but that, if the offer were refused, and it should be found (as they had asserted already to be the fact) that Cuba, in the possession of Spain, seriously endangered the "internal peace and the existence" of the American Union, "then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain."

As President, his only work seems

to have been to steer the ship right on to the breakers. The wreckers were all around. His Vice-President was J. C. Breckenridge; his Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb; his Secretary of War, J. B. Floyd; his Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson—all among the most prominent names of the late Secession. The instincts of whatever was yet sound in the American community were against such a captain and such a crew, especially when they saw him (1858) praising the Dred Scott decision, indicating fresh plans of encroachments upon Spain, Mexico, Central America, and asking for money to buy Cuba on the hypocritical ground of the need of extinguishing the slave-trade, besides following up to the full his predecessor's pro-slavery policy in Kansas. But Kansas refused to be bribed even into accepting slavery; an overwhelming majority formed itself against the President in Congress; Douglas, of Illinois, became his bitter opponent; the most damning scandals came out against members of the Cabinet and judges. Every day things fell everywhere more and more out of gear. The slave-trade was openly advocated in the South, and actually reopened by Lamar and his "Wanderer." Jefferson Davis claimed from Congress protection for slavery in the territories. South Carolina wanted a second President and second Senate for the slave states. Opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law by State legislation and judicial decision spread more and more to the North. John Brown made his wild Abolitionist raid into Virginia, and died (3d December, 1859) his death of wild prophetic martyrdom, professing himself worth infinitely more to hang than for any other purpose, and kissing a negro babe on his way to the scaffold—among the volunteer troops surrounding which one J. W. Booth bore arms, and one Major T. J. Jackson (to be known in history as "Stonewall" Jackson in two years' time) commanded a battery manned by cadets from Lexington military school, where he was artillery professor for the nonce.

The supreme crisis takes place in the

meeting of the Presidential Conventions. Douglas, head of the Northern Democrats, arbiter of the Senate, makes sure of winning the day, though almost frantically opposed by the President. But the South will no longer hear of "squatter sovereignty," which the example of Kansas shows to contain a promise of victory in each successive contest for the North. The Democratic Convention at Charleston breaks up. The Northern Democrats, with such few Northerners as adhere to "squatter sovereignty," put forward Douglas for candidate; the Southern Democrats, with such few Northerners as are for securing to the slaveocracy the right of overrunning the territories, Vice-President Breckenridge. Between either section and the Republicans stand the mere "Unionists," who dare not say their mind about slavery, but have for watchword "The Union, the Constitution, and obedience to the Laws," and for candidate John Bell, of Tennessee. Lastly, the Republican party meet at Chicago, and put forward that famous "Chicago Platform," which, whilst disclaiming any claim of right to interfere with slavery in the states, denied at the same time "the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States." Mr. Seward, the great champion of Kansas' freedom in the Senate, seemed the natural candidate of this party. But there is a tall Illinois lawyer, of great fame in the West, through several contests which he has had with the "Little Giant," who at the very first ballot—giving necessarily the most genuine expression of the feelings of the delegates—had united the largest number of votes—173½ against 102 given to Mr. Seward, the next in order of favour out of twelve proposed. At the third ballot the great majority of the votes (354 out of 466) have centred upon Abraham Lincoln, who about six months later (6th Nov.) is elected, by the all but unanimous vote of the free states—New Jersey alone, with Missouri among the slave states, going for Douglas, whose Democratic opponent, Breckenridge, carries

the remainder of the slave states, except Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, which vote for Bell. The President, like all his predecessors of late, is not even renominated.

Need I dwell upon the last few pitiful months of Mr. Buchanan's Presidency? Before he quitted office on the 3d of March, seven states were already in secession, had met by their delegates in convention at Montgomery, under the presidency of Mr. Buchanan's late Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb; had elected a President and Vice-President, adopted a constitution, a tariff, authorized a loan; Federal forts and other Federal property had been seized in all directions by individual states. During all which time President Buchanan sat still, and, denying the right to secede, professed that it was unconstitutional to coerce the seceders. The man lives still.

"Non ragioniam di lui, ma guarda e passa."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois, was a Kentuckian by birth (born 1809, died 1865). Not even Fillmore had sprung from so low to reach so high. The son of a poor uneducated white, who had however the good sense to migrate into a free state before his son was eight years old, he learned to read and write, earned his life as rail-splitter, deck-hand, farm-labourer, clerk; was captain of a volunteer company in a short "Black Hawk war" with the Indians; tried for the State Legislature, turned storekeeper, and did not succeed, though appointed postmaster to boot; then learnt Washington's trade of surveying, and practised it with success; entered now his State Legislature (at twenty-five), studied law, obtained a "law license" in 1836, and set up in partnership at Springfield, Illinois (from henceforth his home), in 1837. He was three times elected to the State Legislature; sat a while, from 1847, in the United States House of Representatives, as the only Whig from Illinois, and rather distinguished himself through a proposal (by way of amendment) for the prospective abolition of slavery in

the district of Columbia, with compensation to the slave-owners; was in 1849 Whig candidate in Illinois for the Senate; had a fresh contest with Douglas in 1854, on the occasion of another senatorial election, but resigned his candidatureship to another, who seemed to have a better chance of uniting the party; was named as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States at the Republican Convention of 1856, and received the largest number of votes after the candidate actually nominated; fought Mr. Douglas on another contest for the Senatorship of Illinois in 1858—this time as the accepted Republican candidate, and was beaten (although carrying a majority of more than 5,000 on the popular vote); but, gathering strength like a true man from each defeat, united, as we have seen, the vast majority of votes as candidate for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention of 1860. We all seem to know the look of the man, even those of us who have not seen him. Six feet four in height—a man in whom a six-foot-three Pennsylvanian judge declared that he had found at last the President that his heart had for years been aching for; one to look up to, gaunt, ungainly, large-handed, a grip of iron. The face thin, the features strongly-marked, the cheek-bones prominent, the mouth large, but the lips firm; eyes deep-set, forehead high; a humorous smile often playing about the mouth, a sadness hanging about the eyes. Altogether, I take it, the noblest specimen the world has yet seen of what will, I trust, be characteristic of the civilization of the future—viz. the union of bodily with intellectual labour. A man every inch a working man, yet every inch a lawyer; carrying into the fulfilment of the mightiest work that ever ruler had to do the straightforward energy, perseverance, thoroughness of the good workman, who, having a job set before him, knows simply that he must do it, and, whilst doing his best, never stops midway to scratch his head and wonder whether he can finish it or not, but keeps steadily “pegging away,” till at

last he has broken the neck of it, and sees the end nigh at hand. Yet at the same time always occupied, at every stage of his mighty task, with putting into legal shape each result attained, or which seems to him within reach; capable of boldly interpreting the law, but never satisfied until he has it at his back; never for a moment forgetting to keep within reach at least of the Constitution; submitting all his acts to the sanction of Congress, of the Supreme Court. At once singularly like and singularly unlike the only man who can be paralleled with him—Washington. Like him in all his virtues; essentially upright, true, God-fearing, law-fearing, law-abiding; absolutely fit to be a dictator in time of national emergencies, because absolutely incapable of losing sight of those higher powers which bound the power of man; devoted to his country with a still more complete freedom from self-will than even the great Virginian. But utterly unlike Washington, not only in tender warmth of heart and broad geniality of temper, but in the whole character of his mind; a backwoodsman much more than a surveyor; a bad planner (except perhaps in military matters, his capacity for which has, I suspect, been greatly underrated), but on the other hand as ready as the other was unready; much less occupied in trying to bend circumstances to his schemes than to fit his schemes to circumstances; caring nothing for details so that the end be reached; with no self-assertion, except to refuse doing that which he deems wrong to do for the time being, yet always ready to screen others beneath his own responsibility; quite devoid of that confidence in himself which made Washington so often resent affronts, or insist on the grant of larger powers; only confident in the power of the cause which he has in hand to sustain both himself and all who, like him, are endeavouring to serve it faithfully, and, like Jackson (whom he perhaps only on this point resembles), in the ultimate sound judgment of his people. I can almost think that it was only want of faith in himself that hin-

dered him from seeming greater in the world's eyes. All that is great in him is his own ; all that is small proceeds from his following others. Before the past heroes of his country and his party, from Washington to Clay, he seems to himself but as a little boy, not seeing that he overtops them all, one or two perhaps only excepted, by the head and shoulders. His plan for colonizing the coloured race abroad is the traditional one of the milder opponents of slavery, and it is small ; his proclamation enfranchising slaves under the war-power is his own,¹ and it is great. Wherever his reverence for Clay's memory betrays him into compromise, he is feeble ; wherever circumstances compel him to act on his own judgment, he is strong. This again is characteristic of the working-man. No other class combines such brave independence of thought on many points with such undue reverence for those whose superiority they have once accepted. Lincoln has stood fearlessly up to Douglas ; but he bows to the very shadow of Clay.

That Mr. Lincoln's abilities have been grossly, absurdly undervalued by those impudent critics whose privilege it is to blacken so much fair white paper for the misfortune of our daily and weekly press, is a fact which has begun to dawn upon the minds of not a few, even amongst themselves. Of his state-papers I must say that they appear to me to form a collection unsurpassed in interest by any documents of a similar class ; pregnant with thought, argument, and often wisdom ; seldom incorrect in style, rising occasionally to the most impressive eloquence, sometimes very models of clear and vigorous expression. Nor can I omit to point out that, although, latterly at least, most efficiently seconded, few great writers have ever owed less to subordinates, in the conduct of their general policy, than Mr. Lincoln,—

Washington beyond all doubt incomparably more. And this result is achieved, strange to say, not by personal interference or over-ruling authority, but by

the very reverse. Few Presidents seem ever to have allowed such trustful freedom to the members of their Cabinet in their respective departments ; within their own domains, he leaves them absolute, almost tyrannical against himself. But an unerring instinct teaches him where the limits of the department stop ; where the sphere of the national policy begins. The diplomacy of his Secretary of State is often undignified, waspish, absurd ; the policy of the American government, as set forth in final resort by the head, remains throughout moderate, conciliatory, and wise. Amidst all the scholars and politicians who surround him, the rail-splitter is in short the true king ; the policy of the country is his policy ; its history, during five eventful years, centres and culminates in him. And yet he is king, as has been often observed, simply because he is thoroughly the man of the people ; because he thoroughly represents the people, embodies in himself all its greatness. A blessed hope, surely, for the future of God's world, that the dreaded bugbear, Democracy, should have lifted and re-lifted to highest power such a man as Abraham Lincoln.

Of his work I shall say nothing, beyond this, that, as the ages roll on, this War of Secession, of which we see the last embers now going out, will be felt to have been one of the grandest, noblest, and ultimately most blessed struggles the world has ever seen—a struggle, as the Americans themselves have felt it, mainly for national unity against the self-will of a party ; but carrying with it as a necessary element the abolition of slavery, and thereby infinitely more authoritative in its teachings than if it had had such abolition for its direct object. For henceforth it stands demonstrated in history,—on the one hand, that a Christian democracy cannot be built up on the fat of slavery, as the South blasphemously attempted to do ; on the other, that a Christian democracy cannot permanently maintain itself, as the United States long tried to do, with slavery in its bosom ; above all, cannot restore its unity when once

¹ I do not mean that he first thought of it, but simply that no traditional, no higher authority than his own, imposed it on him.

broken up without the enfranchisement of every part of the nation from slavery to any other part. I say deliberately, of every part of the nation. The only point on which Lincoln failed of grasping an essential portion of the great truth for which he lived and died, was that he did not perceive the American coloured men to be a *part* of the American nation, claiming its country as their home, entitled to the full rights of citizenship within it. He has left so far his work undone, for others to fulfil.

But of that work he has done enough for his own glory, since he did enough to deserve martyrdom—a term which may seem trite by this time in reference to him, but which must not be eschewed on that account. The martyr is only the typical witness, the witness who seals his testimony with his blood. Abraham Lincoln was emphatically that witness for the unity of the American nation, and as such he was shot through the back of the head by a member of a gang of assassins. Personally, the man had not made, could not make, any enemies. No more utterly guileless, spiteless, gentle, kindly, genial, lovable spirit, probably ever ruled a nation on this earth. But on behalf of that nation he had found it needful, to use his own words, to “put the foot down firmly;” had known how to meet force by force; and slowly, painfully, through blood, through fire, through destruction, and ravage, had taught those who would not submit to the peaceful decision of the ballot-box, the moment it went against them; that, as he said himself, “when ‘ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal ‘back to bullets.’” Richmond, the capital of that aggregation of state self-wills called the Southern Confederacy, had fallen; Lee, the one great Southern general, had surrendered. Abraham Lincoln’s task seemed well nigh done. His strength of body, perhaps of mind, had been overtasked. Several observers have recorded the melancholy which had been settling on him, and which his quaint humour scarcely sufficed to veil. Those four dread years of office had

visibly stooped his shoulders, wrinkled his face, whitened his hair, dulled and hollowed his eye. He was no longer the same man who had dared to take up a seemingly impossible task. Though impossibilities had been conquered, and only perplexities remained, his brave worn spirit was almost ready to quail before the latter. His very last speech—as beautiful perhaps as any he ever uttered, viewed as an expression of the man’s moral character, of his ever-abiding sense of duty—seemed to show some faltering before the needs of the time, some inability to grasp its true issues. Booth’s pistol-shot gave the last consecration to his work. As that dread theatre-scene at Washington recedes from our view, we feel more and more that we could scarcely wish it undone. At his first leaving his home at Springfield for the White House (11th February, 1861), Mr. Lincoln had said that a duty devolved on him “perhaps greater than ‘that which has devolved upon any ‘other man since the days of Washington.’” Prescient as those words were, they fell short of the truth. His duty was in effect greater than Washington’s own. To found the Union, nearly all the intellect and warlike power of the American people co-operating, was a far less work than to restore it, when well nigh all the statemanship, half the intellect and warlike power of the American people, were endeavouring to destroy it. For a single man to have carried out the latter work, he must have needed to be Washington and Jackson in one. Mr. Lincoln responded to half that need, so far as the Washington element was concerned. His character and temperament did not allow him to supply the other half, the Jackson element. Will his successor fill the void? The question of the present for America lies there. One may say at least that it is not impossible that he may.

ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, a North Carolinian by birth (born 1808), forms no exception to the rule which has so far assigned to the South (but, with one exception, to its more north-

ernly states) an overwhelming majority of the occupants of the Presidential chair.¹ Like Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson was the son of a poor white in a slave-state; but, unlike him, he had not the advantage of being early rescued from the heavy atmosphere of slavery. Left at four, destitute and fatherless, he is said to have lived in an almshouse till ten; was then apprenticed to a tailor, and worked at his trade for himself successively in South Carolina, North Carolina, and Tennessee, fixing himself at Greenville, in the eastern portion of the last-named state. Here—having, meanwhile, amidst difficulties peculiar almost to the slave country, educated himself well-nigh unaided—he began by filling a few local offices (mayor of Greenville at twenty-six), was elected to the State House of Representatives in October, 1835, promoted to the State Senate in 1841, sent to the Federal House of Representatives in 1843; after sitting there ten years, was twice elected Governor of Tennessee (1853), then Senator for the State (1857). A man, it will be seen, unique among Presidents in being neither a lawyer nor a soldier, nor connected with agriculture, but belonging only to the artizan and trading class; yet full of continuous

political experience; when secession took place, a state politician since more than a quarter of a century; a member of Congress, with the exception of his four years' governorship, since eighteen years; in all this very different from his predecessor, with his brief and intermittent periods of service in his State Legislature, his single term of membership in the Federal House of Representatives, his gallant but unsuccessful contests for the Senatorship. But more different by far in this, that, until 1860, Lincoln was never but the champion of a local minority; Johnson always of a local majority. It is told of Abraham Lincoln, that "in the early years of his political career the state of Illinois was "overwhelmingly Democratic, returning "to Congress but one Whig representative out of ten or fifteen. The consequence was, that all the Whig leaders "congregated in that district, and each "took his turn in representing it in "Congress. Among these, Mr. Lincoln "was always the last to claim his seat, "and if there was dissension in the "party he was always ready to stand "aside, if by doing so he could reconcile differences." Mr. Johnson, on the contrary, Mr. Conway has told us in the *Spectator*, was a safe "party hack," working steadily, year in and year out, with the Democratic majority; over-cautious in committees, slow to make up his mind, always insisting on going through all the papers; silent, temperate, a man of few friends; known chiefly by his reverence for Andrew Jackson, and by his sturdy assertion of his position as one of the small whites, in opposition to the aristocratic slave-owners of the South, so that he never would allow his tailor's sign to be taken down from his door, where it hangs still.

And now came the hour which was so strangely to unite the two men in one common purpose, yet still in contrasted positions. The champion of the Whig minority in Illinois had become the elect of the whole Republican North. The obscure member of the late Democratic majority stood out alone among

¹ Virginia has given birth to 7 Presidents.

North Carolina to	2
Kentucky to	1
South Carolina to	1

—
Total Southern Presidents 11

Massachusetts to	2
New York to	2
New Hampshire to	1
Pennsylvania to	1

—
Total Northern Presidents 6, or less than the quota of Virginia alone.

If we reckon the terms of office, the disproportion is still more striking. Out of the 76 years which had elapsed till the beginning of Mr. Lincoln's second Presidency, Southern-born Presidents held office during 53 years (Virginians only 37) and Northern-born ones 23, or less than a third (30 per cent.) of the whole period. Supposing Mr. Johnson only to complete his term of office, the figures will stand as 57 to 23 out of 80; reducing the Northern aggregate term of office to under 29 per cent. So much for the oppression of the South by the North.

Southern senators for the Union. At first, indeed, as an avowed partizan of slavery; claiming only, against Mr. Jefferson Davis, to fight the battle of slavery within the Union; taunted by his opponent with not really intending to fight any battle at all, and at the same time with seeking to turn the powers he possessed as Senator of the United States to the destruction of the Government he was sworn to support. Surprised at the bitter attacks on himself by those he was accustomed to work with, slowly, unwillingly, Andrew Johnson grew to the conviction that it was treason that the Southern leaders were plotting, and his wrath knew no bounds. In the presence and beneath the chair of Vice-President Breckenridge, for whom he had voted at the Presidential election, he declared that, if he "could find the men who are plotting in the dark the destruction of their country," who "are writing treasonable letters to traitors on the very tables and stationery of this Government, he would try them, and, if found guilty of treason under the law, I would, by the eternal God, have them executed."

The whole South was indignant. At Memphis Mr. Johnson was hung in effigy. As he returned home from Congress, under threats for his life, he was seized and maltreated by a mob at Lynchburg, and at Liberty, in Virginia, and at the latter place, with the knot already round his neck, only saved on the states-right plea that Virginia had no title to hang a Tennessean, sure to be hung in his own state. At Greenville, however, though insulted, he received no personal injury; and, on his return to Congress through the free states, he was enthusiastically greeted. But, in the course of the terrible conflicts which occurred in East Tennessee between Unionists and Secessionists, he lost every cent of his property; his daughter was shot on his threshold for keeping the Federal flag waving; his wife lost her health by confinement in

a Confederate prison. On March 4th, 1862, he was appointed Military Governor of Tennessee. He was still a mere Unionist. Mr. Dickey, who was at Nashville a few months later, quotes a speech of his, repelling "with scorn" the charge that "the North had come here to set negroes free," and speaking of the "abolition fanatics" as "secessionists, traitors, brothers of Southern secessionists." Yet he himself, we are told, liberated early in the war his own slaves; and, as the logical necessities of the war gradually opened on his slow but tenacious understanding, the proslavery Unionist gradually developed into the enemy of slavery, till at last, in a memorable speech of his from the balcony of the State Capitol to the coloured men of Nashville—Tennessee, it will be remembered, not having been included in the emancipation proclamation—he declared that "with the past history of the State to witness, the present condition to guide, and its future to encourage me, I, Andrew Johnson, do hereby proclaim freedom, full, broad, and unconditional, to every man in Tennessee." Bold words, indeed, but which were made good by an Act of Emancipation, passed by a general convention of the State. He was elected Vice-President with Mr. Lincoln at the re-election of the latter, but, by a strange mishap, on taking the oaths of office, showed himself under the influence of drink. It is now universally admitted that he is not only temperate, but abstemious, and that it was the unwonted use of a stimulant to overcome the nervousness of indisposition which threw his mind off its balance. Of his conduct as President I shall leave the future to speak. But I shall be much surprised if this Tennessean tailor—this dark-visaged man, with grey eyes and brown-grey hair and deep-lined brow, "grave almost to grimness"—turns out one of the least remarkable occupants of the Presidential chair.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIEDMUND IN THE CLOUDS.

THE stone was quarried high on the mountain, and a direct road was made for bringing it down to the water-side. The castle profited by the road in accessibility, but its impregnability was so far lessened. However, as Ebbo said, it was to be a friendly harbour instead of a robber crag, and in case of need the communication could easily be destroyed. The blocks of stone were brought down, and wooden sheds were erected for the workmen in the meadow.

In August, however, came tidings that, after two amputations of his diseased limb, the Kaiser Friedrich III. had died—it was said, from over-free use of melons in the fever consequent on the operation. His death was not likely to make much change in the government, which had of late been left to his son. At this time the King of the Romans (for the title of Kaiser was conferred only by coronation by the Pope, and this Maximilian never received) was at Innspruck, collecting troops for the deliverance of Styria and Carinthia from a horde of invading troops. The Markgraf of Wurtemberg sent an intimation to all the Swabian League that the new sovereign would be best pleased if their homage were paid to him in his camp at the head of their armed retainers.

Here was the way of enterprise and honour open at last, and the young barons of Adlerstein eagerly prepared for it, equipping their vassals and sending to Ulm to take three or four men-at-arms into their pay, so as to make up twenty lances as the contingent of Adlerstein. It was decided that Christina should spend the time of their absence at Ulm, whither her sons would escort her on their way to the camp. The last busy day was over, and in the

summer evening Christina was sitting on the castle steps listening to Ebbo's eager talk of his plans of interesting his hero, the King of the Romans, in his bridge, and obtaining full recognition to his claim to the Debateable Strand, where the busy workmen could be seen far below.

Presently Ebbo, as usual when left to himself, grew restless for want of Friedel, and exclaiming, "The musing fit is on him! He will stay all night at the tarn if I fetch him not," he set off in quest of him, passing through the hamlet to look for him in the chapel on his way.

Not finding Friedel there, he was, however, someway up towards the tarn, when he met his brother wearing the beamy yet awestruck look that he often brought from the mountain height, yet with a stedfast expression of resolute purpose on his face.

"Ah, dreamer!" said Ebbo, "I knew where to seek thee! Ever in the clouds!"

"Yes, I have been to the tarn," said Friedel, throwing his arm round his brother's neck in their boyish fashion. "It has been very dear to me, and I longed to see its grey depths once more."

"Once! Yea, manifold times shalt thou see them," said Ebbo. "Schleiermacher tells me that these are no Janissaries, but a mere miscreant, even by whom glory can scarce be gained, and no peril at all."

"I know not," said Friedel, "but it is to me as if I were taking my leave of all these purple hollows and heaven-lighted peaks cleaving the sky. All the more, Ebbo, since I have made up my mind to a resolution."

"Nay, none of the old monkish fancies," cried Ebbo; "against them thou art sworn, so long as I am true knight."

"No, it is not the monkish fashion, but I am convinced that it is my duty to strive to ascertain my father's fate. Hold, I say not that it is thine. Thou hast thy charge here——"

"Looking for a dead man," growled Ebbo; "a proper quest!"

"Not so," returned Friedel. "At the camp it will surely be possible to learn, through either Schlangenwald or his men, how it went with my father. Men say that his surviving son, the Teutonic knight, is of very different mould. He might bring something to light. Were it proved to be as the Schneiderlein avers, then would our conscience be at rest; but, if he were in Schlangenwald's dungeon——"

"Folly! Impossible!"

"Yet men have pined eighteen years in dark vaults," said Friedel; "and, when I think that so may he have wasted for the whole of our lives that have been so free and joyous on his own mountain, it irks me to bound on the heather or gaze at the stars."

"If the serpent hath dared," cried Ebbo, "though it is mere folly to think of it, we would summon the League and have his castle about his ears! Not that I believe it."

"Scarce do I," said Friedel; "but there haunts me evermore the description of the kindly German chained between the decks of the corsair's galley. Once and again have I dreamt thereof. And, Ebbo, recollect the prediction that so fretted thee. Might not yon dark-cheeked woman have had some knowledge of the East and its captives?"

Ebbo started, but resumed his former tone. "So thou wouldst begin thine errantry like Sir Hildebert and Sir Hildebrand in the rose garden? Have a care. Such quests end in mortal conflict between the unknown father and son."

"I should know him," said Friedel, enthusiastically, "or, at least, he would know my mother's son in me; and, could I no otherwise ransom him, I would ply the oar in his stead."

"A fine exchange for my mother and me," gloomily laughed Ebbo, "to lose thee, my sublimated self, for a rude,

savage lord, who would straightway undo all our work, and rate and misuse our sweet mother for being more civilized than himself."

"Shame, Ebbo!" cried Friedel, "or art thou but in jest?"

"So far in jest that thou wilt never go, puissant Sir Hildebert," returned Ebbo, drawing him closer. "Thou wilt learn—as I also trust to do—in what nameless hole the serpent hid his remains. Then shall they be duly confined and blazoned. All the monks in the cloisters for twenty miles round shall sing requiems, and thou and I will walk bare-headed, with candles in our hands, by the bier, till we rest him in the Blessed Friedmund's chapel; and there Lucas Handlein shall carve his tomb, and thou shalt sit for the likeness."

"So may it end," said Friedel, "but either I will know him dead, or endeavour somewhat in his behalf. And that the need is real, as well as the purpose blessed, I have become the more certain, for, Ebbo, as I rose to descend the hill, I saw on the cloud our patron's very form—I saw myself kneel before him and receive his blessing."

Ebbo burst out laughing. "Now know I that it is indeed as saith Schleiermacher," he said, "and that these phantoms of the blessed Friedmund are but shadows cast by the sun on the vapours of the ravine. See, Friedel, I had gone to seek thee at the chapel, and, meeting Father Norbert, I bent my knee, that I might take his farewell blessing. I had the substance, thou the shadow, thou dreamer."

Friedel was as much mortified for the moment as his gentle nature could be. Then he resumed his sweet smile, saying, "Be it so! I have oft read that men are too prone to take visions and special providences to themselves, and now I have proved the truth of the saying."

"And," said Ebbo, "thou seest thy purpose is as baseless as thy vision?"

"No, Ebbo. It grieves me to differ from thee, but my resolve is older than

the fancy, and may not be shaken because I was vain enough to believe that the blessed Friedmund could stoop to bless me."

"Ha!" shouted Ebbo, glad to see an object on which to vent his secret annoyance. "Who goes there, skulking round the rocks? Here, rogue, what art after here?"

"No harm," sullenly replied a half-clad boy.

"Whence art thou? From Schlangenwald, to spy what more we can be robbed of? The lash!"

"Hold," interposed Friedel. "Perchance the poor lad had no evil purposes. Didst lose thy way?"

"No, sir, my mother sent me."

"I thought so," cried Ebbo. "This comes of sparing the nest of thankless adders!"

"Nay," said Friedel, "mayhap it is because they are not thankless that the poor fellow is here."

"Sir," said the boy, coming nearer, "I will tell *you*—*you* I will tell—not him who threatens. Mother said you spared our huts, and the lady gave us bread when we came to the castle gate in winter, and she would not see the reiters lay waste your folk's doings down there without warning you."

"My good lad! What saidst thou?" cried Ebbo, but the boy seemed dumb before him, and Friedel repeated the question ere he answered: "All the lanzknechts and reiters are at the castle, and the Herr Graf has taken all my father's young sheep for them, a plague upon him. And our folk are warned to be at the muster rock to-morrow morn, each with a bundle of straw and a pine brand; and Black Berend heard the body squire say the Herr Graf had sworn not to go to the wars till every stick at the ford be burnt, every stone drowned, every workman hung."

Ebbo, in a transport of indignation and gratitude, thrust his hand into his pouch, and threw the boy a handful of groschen, and Friedel gave warm thanks, but in the utmost haste, ere both brothers sprang with headlong speed down the

wild path, to take advantage of the timely intelligence.

The little council of war was speedily assembled, consisting of the barons, their mother, Master Moritz Schleiermacher, Heinz, and Hatto. To bring up to the castle the workmen, their families, and the more valuable implements, was at once decided; and Christina asked whether there would be anything left worth defending, and whether the Schlängenwalden might not expend their fury on the scaffold, which could be newly supplied from the forest, the huts, which could be quickly restored, and the stones, which could hardly be damaged. The enemy must proceed to the camp in a day or two, and the building would be less assailable by their return; and, besides, it was scarcely lawful to enter on a private war when the imperial banner was in the field.

"Craving your pardon, gracious lady," said the architect, "that blame rests with him who provokes the war. See, lord baron, there is time to send to Ulm, where the two guilds, our allies, will at once equip their trained bands and despatch them. We meanwhile will hold the knaves in check, and, by the time our burghers come up, the snake brood will have had such a lesson as they will not soon forget. Said I well, Herr Freiherr?"

"Right bravely," said Ebbo. "It consorts not with our honour or rights, with my pledges to Ulm, or the fame of my house, to shut ourselves up and see the rogues work their will scatheless. My own score of men, besides the stouter masons, carpenters, and serfs, will be fully enough to make the old serpent of the wood rue the day, even without the aid of the burghers. Not a word against it, dearest mother. None is so wise as thee in matters of peace, but honour is here concerned."

"My question is," persevered the mother, "whether honour be not better served by obeying the summons of the king against the infidel, with the men thou hast called together at his behest? Let the count do his worst; he gives

these legal ground of complaint to lay before the king and the League, and all may there be more firmly established."

"That were admirable council, lady," said Schleiermacher, "well suited to the honour-worthy guildmaster Sorel, and to our justice-loving city; but, in matters of baronial rights and aggressions, king and League are wont to help those that help themselves, and those that are over nice as to law and justice come by the worst."

"Not the worst in the long run," said Friedel.

"Thine unearthly code will not serve us here, Friedel mine," returned his brother. "Did I not defend the work I have begun, I should be branded as a weak fool. Nor will I see the foes of my house insult me without striking a fair stroke. Hap what hap, the Debateable Ford shall be debated! Call in the serfs, Hatto, and arm them. Mother, order a good supper for them. Master Moritz, let us summon thy masons and carpenters, and see who is a good man with his hands among them."

Christina saw that remonstrance was vain. The days of peril and violence were coming back again; and all she could take comfort in was, that, if not wholly right, her son was far from wholly wrong, and that with a free heart she could pray for a blessing on him and on his arms.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD.

By the early September sunrise the thicket beneath the pass was sheltering the twenty well-appointed reiters of Adlerstein, each standing, holding his horse by the bridle, ready to mount at the instant. In their rear were the serfs and artizans, some with axes, scythes, or ploughshares, a few with cross-bows, and Jobst and his sons with the long blackened poles used for stirring their charcoal fires. In advance were Master Moritz and the two barons, the former in a stout plain steel helmet, cuirass, and gauntlets, a sword, and

those new-fashioned weapons, pistols; the latter in full knightly armour, exactly alike, from the gilt-spurred heel to the eagle-crested helm, and often moving restlessly forward to watch for the enemy, though taking care not to be betrayed by the glitter of their mail. So long did they wait that there was even a doubt whether it might not have been a false alarm; the boy was vituperated, and it was proposed to despatch a spy to see whether anything were doing at Schlängenwald.

At length a rustling and rushing were heard; then a clank of armour. Ebbo vaulted into the saddle, and gave the word to mount; Schleiermacher, who always fought on foot, stepped up to him. "Keep back your men, Herr Freiherr. Let his design be manifest. We must not be said to have fallen on him on his way to the muster."

"It would be but as he served my father!" muttered Ebbo, forced, however, to restrain himself, though with boiling blood, as the tramp of horses shook the ground, and bright armour became visible on the further side of the stream.

For the first time, the brothers beheld the foe of their line. He was seated on a clumsy black horse, and sheathed in full armour, and was apparently a large heavy man, whose powerful proportions were becoming unwieldy as he advanced in life. The dragon on his crest and shield would have made him known to the twins, even without the deadly curse that passed the Schneiderlein's lips at the sight. As the armed troop, out-numbering the Adlersteiners by about a dozen, and followed by a rabble with straw and pine brands, came forth on the meadow, the count halted, and appeared to be giving orders.

"The ruffian! He is calling them on! Now—" began Ebbo.

"Nay, there is no sign yet that he is not peacefully on his journey to the camp," responded Moritz; and, chafing with impatient fury, the knight waited while Schlängenwald rode towards the old channel of the Braunwasser, and there, drawing his rein, and sitting like

a statue in his stirrups, he could hear him shout: "The lazy dogs are not astir yet. We will give them a reveillee. Forward with your brands."

"Now!" and Ebbo's cream-coloured horse leapt forth, as the whole band flashed into the sunshine from the greenwood covert.

"Who troubles the workmen on my land?" shouted Ebbo.

"Who you may be I care not," replied the count, "but, when I find strangers unlicensed on my lands, I burn down their huts. On, fellows!"

"Back, fellows," called Ebbo. "Who-so touches a stick on Adlerstein ground shall suffer."

"So!" said the count, "this is the burgher-bred, burgher-fed varlet, that calls himself of Adlerstein! Boy, thou had best be warned. Wert thou true-blooded, it were worth my while to maintain my rights against thee. Craven as thou art, not even with spirit to accept my feud, I would fain not have the trouble of sweeping thee from my path."

"Herr Graf, as true Freiherr and belted knight, I defy thee. I proclaim my right to all this side the Braunwasser, and whoso damages those I place there must do battle with me."

"Thou wilt have it then," said the count, taking his heavy lance from his squire, closing his visor, and wheeling back his horse, so as to give space for his career.

Ebbo did the like, while Friedel on one side, and Hierom von Schlangenwald on the other, kept their men in array, awaiting the issue of the strife between their leaders—the fire of seventeen against the force of fifty-six.

They closed in full shock, with shivered lances and rearing, pawing horses, but without damage to either. Each drew his sword, and they were pressing together, when Heinz, seeing a Schlangenwalder aiming with his cross-bow, rode at him furiously, and the *melée* became general; shots were fired, not only from cross-bows, but from arquebuses, and in the throng Friedel lost sight of the main combat between his brother and the count.

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Suddenly however there was a crash, as of falling men and horses, with a shout of victory strangely mingled with a cry of agony, and both sides became aware that their leaders had fallen. Each party rushed to its fallen head. Friedel beheld Ebbo under his struggling horse, and an enemy dashing at his throat, and, flying to the rescue, he rode down the assailant, and struck him with his sword; and, with the instinct of driving the foe as far as possible from his brother, he struck with a sort of frenzy, shouting fiercely to his men, and, leaping over the dry bed of the river, rushing onward with an intoxication or ardour that would have seemed foreign to his gentle nature, but for the impetuous desire to protect his brother. Their leaders down, the enemy had no one to rally them, and, in spite of their superiority in number, gave way in confusion before the furious onset of Adlerstein. So soon however as Friedel perceived that he had forced the enemy far back from the scene of conflict, his anxiety for his brother returned, and, leaving the retainers to continue the pursuit, he turned his horse. There, on the green meadow, lay on the one hand Ebbo's cream-coloured charger, with his master under him, on the other the large figure of the count; and several other prostrate forms likewise struggled on the sand and pebbles of the strand, or on the turf.

"Ay," said the architect, who had turned with Friedel, "'twas a gallant feat, Sir Friedel, and I trust there is no great harm done. Were it the mere dint of the count's sword, your brother will be little the worse."

"Ebbo! Ebbo mine, look up!" cried Friedel, leaping from his horse and unclasping his brother's helmet.

"Friedel!" groaned a half suffocated voice. "O take away the horse."

One or two of the artisans were at hand, and with their help the dying steed was disengaged from the rider, who could not restrain his moans, though Friedel held him in his arms, and endeavoured to move him as gently as possible. It was then seen that the

deep gash from the count's sword in the chest was not the most serious injury, but that an arquebus ball had pierced his thigh, before burying itself in the body of his horse; and that the limb had been further crushed and wrenched by the animal's struggles. He was nearly unconscious, and gasped with anguish, but, after Moritz had bathed his face and moistened his lips, as he lay in his brother's arms, he looked up with clearer eyes, and said: "Have I slain him? It was the shot, not he, that sent me down. Lives he? See—thou, Friedel—thou. Make him yield."

Transferring Ebbo to the arms of Schleiermacher, Friedel obeyed, and stepped towards the fallen foe. The wrongs of Adlerstein were indeed avenged, for the blood was welling fast from a deep thrust above the collar-bone, and the failing, feeble hand was wandering uncertainly among the clasps of the gorget.

"Let me aid," said Friedel, kneeling down, and, in his pity for the dying man omitting the summons to yield, he threw back the helmet, and beheld a grizzled head and stern hard features, so embrowned by weather and inflamed by intemperance, that even approaching death failed to blanch them. A scowl of malignant hate was in the eyes, and there was a thrill of angry wonder as they fell on the lad's face. "Thou again,—thou whelp! I thought at least I had made an end of thee," he muttered, unheard by Friedel, who, intent on the thought that had recurred to him with greater vividness than ever, was again filling Ebbo's helmet with water. He refreshed the dying man's face with it, held it to his lips, and said: "Herr Graf, variance and strife are ended now. For heaven's sake, say where I may find my father."

"So! Wouldst find him?" replied Schlangenwald, fixing his look on the eager countenance of the youth, while his hand, with a dying man's nervous agitation, was fumbling at his belt.

"I would bless you for ever, could I but free him."

"Know then," said the count, speak-

ing very slowly, and still holding the young knight's gaze with a sort of intent fascination, by the stony glare of his light grey eyes, "Know that thy villain father is a Turkish slave, unless he be—as I hope—where his mongrel son may find him."

Therewith came a flash, a report. Friedel leaped back, staggered, fell; Ebbo started to a sitting posture, with horrified eyes, and a loud shriek, calling on his brother; Moritz sprang to his feet, shouting, "Shame, treason!"

"I call you to witness that I had not yielded," said the count. "There's an end of the brood!" and with a grim smile, he straightened his limbs, and closed his eyes as a dead man, ere the indignant artizans fell on him in savage vengeance.

All this had passed like a flash of lightning, and Friedel had almost at the instant of his fall flung himself towards his brother, and raising himself on one hand, with the other clasped Ebbo's, saying, "Fear not; it is nothing," and he was bending to take Ebbo's head again on his knee, when a gush of dark blood, from his left side, caused Moritz to exclaim, "Ah! Sir Friedel, the traitor did his work! That is no slight hurt."

"Where? How? The ruffian!" cried Ebbo, supporting himself on his elbow, so as to see his brother, who rather dreamily put his hand to his side, and, looking at the fresh blood that immediately dyed it, said, "I do not feel it. This is more numb dullness than pain."

"A bad sign that," said Moritz apart to one of the workmen, with whom he held counsel how to carry back to the castle the two young knights, who remained on the bank, Ebbo partly extended on the ground, partly supported on the knee and arm of Friedel, who sat with his head drooping over him, their looks fixed on one another, as if conscious of nothing else on earth.

"Herr Freiherr," said Moritz, presently, "have you breath to wind your bugle to call the men back from the pursuit?"

Ebbo essayed, but was too faint, and Friedel, rousing himself from the stupor, took the horn from him, and made the mountain echoes ring again, but at the expense of a great effusion of blood.

By this time, however, Heinz was riding back, and in a moment his exultation changed to rage and despair, when he saw the condition of his young lords. Master Schleiermacher proposed to lay them on some of the planks prepared for the building, and carry them up the new road.

"Methinks," said Friedel, "that I could ride if I were lifted on horseback, and thus would our mother be less shocked."

"Well thought," said Ebbo. "Go on and cheer her. Show her thou canst keep the saddle, however it may be with me," he added, with a groan of anguish.

Friedel made the sign of the cross over him. "The holy cross keep us and her, Ebbo," he said, as he bent to assist in laying his brother on the boards, where a mantle had been spread, then kissed his brow, saying, "We shall be together again soon."

Ebbo was lifted on the shoulders of his bearers, and Friedel strove to rise, with the aid of Heinz, but sank back, unable to use his limbs; and Schleiermacher was the more concerned. "It goes so with the back bone," he said. "Sir Friedmund, you had best be carried."

"Nay, for my mother's sake! And I would fain be on my good steed's back once again!" he entreated.

And when with much difficulty he had been lifted to the back of his cream-colour, who stood as gently and patiently as if he understood the exigency of the moment, he sat upright, and waved his hand as he passed the litter, while Ebbo, on his side, signed to him to speed on and prepare their mother. Long, however, before the castle was reached, dizzy confusion and leaden helplessness, when no longer stimulated by his brother's presence, so grew on him that it was with much ado that Heinz could keep him in his saddle; but, when he

saw his mother in the castle gateway, he again collected his forces, bade Heinz withdraw his supporting arm, and, straightening himself, waved a greeting to her, as he called cheerily: "Victory, dear mother. Ebbo has overthrown the count, and you must not be grieved if it be at some cost of blood."

"Alas, my son!" was all Christina could say, for his effort at gaiety formed a ghastly contrast with the grey, livid hue that overspread his fair young face, his bloody armour, and damp disordered hair, and even his stiff unearthly smile.

"Nay, motherling," he added, as she came so near that he could put his arm round her neck, "sorrow not, for Ebbo will need thee much. And, mother," as his face lighted up, "there is joy coming to you. Only I would that I could have brought him. Mother, he died not under the Schlängenwald swords."

"Who? Not Ebbo?" cried the bewildered mother.

"Your own Eberhard, our father," said Friedel, raising her face to him with his hand, and adding, as he met a startled look, "The cruel count owned it with his last breath. He is a Turkish slave, and surely heaven will give him back to comfort you, even though we may not work his freedom! O mother, I had so longed for it, but God be thanked that at least certainty was bought by my life." The last words were uttered almost unconsciously, and he had nearly fallen, as the excitement faded; but, as they were lifting him down, he bent once more and kissed the glossy neck of his horse. "Ah! poor fellow, thou too wilt be lonely. May Ebbo yet ride thee!"

The mother had no time for grief. Alas! She might have full time for that by and by! The one wish of the twins was to be together, and presently both were laid on the great bed in the upper chamber, Ebbo in a swoon from the pain of the transport, and Friedel lying so as to meet the first look of recovery. And, after Ebbo's eyes had reopened, they watched one another in silence for a short space, till Ebbo said:

"Is that the hue of death on thy face, brother?"

"I well believe so," said Friedel.

"Ever together," said Ebbo, holding his hand. "But alas! My mother! Would I had never sent thee to the traitor."

"Ah! So comes her comfort," said Friedel. "Heard you not? He owned that my father was among the Turks."

"And I," cried Ebbo. "I have withheld thee! O Friedel, had I listened to thee, thou hadst not been in this fatal broil!"

"Nay, ever together," repeated Friedel. "Through Ulm merchants will my mother be able to ransom him. I know she will, so oft have I dreamt of his return. Then, mother, you will give him our duteous greetings," and he smiled again.

Like one in a dream Christina returned his smile, because she saw he wished it, just as the moment before she had been trying to staunch his wound.

It was plain that the injuries, except Ebbo's sword cut, were far beyond her skill, and she could only endeavour to check the bleeding till better aid could be obtained from Ulm. Thither Moritz Schleiermacher had already sent, and he assured her that he was far from despairing of the elder baron, but she derived little hope from his words, for gun-shot wounds were then so ill understood as generally to prove fatal.

Moreover, there was an undefined impression that the two lives must end in the same hour, even as they had begun. Indeed Ebbo was suffering so terribly, and was so much spent with pain and loss of blood, that he seemed sinking much faster than Friedel, whose wound bled less freely, and who only seemed benumbed and torpid, except when he roused himself to speak, or was distressed by the writhings and moans which, however, for his sake, Ebbo restrained as much as he could.

To be together seemed an all-sufficient consolation, and, when the chaplain came sorrowfully to give them the last rites of the Church, Ebbo implored him to pray

that he might not be left behind long in purgatory.

"Friedel," he said, clasping his brother's hand, "is even like the holy Sebastian, or Maurice; but I—I was never such as he. O father, will it be my penance to be left alone when he is in paradise?"

"What is that?" said Friedel, partially roused by the sound of his name, and the involuntary pressure of his hand. "Nay, Ebbo; one repentance, one cross, one hope," and he relapsed into a doze, while Ebbo murmured over a broken, brief confession—exhausting by its vehemence of self-accusation for his proud spirit, his wilful neglect of his lost father, his hot contempt of prudent counsel.

Then, when the priest came round to Friedel's side, and the boy was awakened to make his shrift, the words were contrite and humble, but calm and full of trust. They were like two of their own mountain streams, the waters almost equally undefiled by external stain—yet one struggling, agitated, whirling giddily round; the other still, transparent, and the light of heaven smiling in its clearness.

The farewell greetings of the Church on earth breathed soft and sweet in their loftiness, and Friedel, though lying motionless and with closed eyes, never failed in the murmured response, whether fully conscious or not, while his brother only attended by fits and starts, and was evidently often in too much pain to know what was passing.

Help was nearer than had been hoped. The summons despatched the night before had been responded to by the vintners and mercers; their train-bands had set forth, and their captain, a cautious man, never rode into the way of blows without his surgeon at hand. And so it came to pass that, before the sun was low on that long and grievous day, Doctor Johannes Butteman was led into the upper chamber, where the mother looked up to him with a kind of hopeless gratitude on her face, which was nearly as white as those of her sons. The doctor soon saw that Friedel was

past human aid ; but, when he declared that there was fair hope for the other youth, Friedel, whose torpor had been dispelled by the examination, looked up with his beaming smile, saying, "There, motherling."

The doctor then declared that he could not deal with the Baron's wound unless he were the sole occupant of the bed, and this sentence brought the first cloud of grief or dread to Friedel's brow, but only for a moment. He looked at his brother, who had again fainted at the first touch of his wounded limb, and said, "It is well. Tell the dear Ebbo that I cannot help it if after all I go to the praying, and leave him the fighting. Dear, dear Ebbo ! One day together again and for ever ! I leave thee for thine own sake." With much effort he signed the cross again on his brother's brow, and kissed it long and fervently. Then, as all stood round, reluctant to effect this severance, or disturb one on whom death was visibly fast approaching, he struggled up on his elbow, and held out the other hand, saying, "Take me now, Heinz, ere Ebbo revive to be grieved. The last sacrifice," he further whispered, whilst almost giving himself to Heinz and Moritz to be carried to his own bed in the turret chamber.

There, even as they laid him down, began what seemed to be the mortal agony, and, though he was scarcely sensible, his mother felt that her prime call was to him, while his brother was in other hands. Perhaps it was well for her. Surgical practice was rough, and wounds made by fire-arms were thought to have imbibed a poison that made treatment be supposed efficacious in proportion to the pain inflicted. When Ebbo was recalled by the torture to see no white reflection of his own face on the pillow beside him, and to feel in vain for the grasp of the cold damp hand, a delirious frenzy seized him, and his struggles were frustrating the doctor's attempts, when a low soft sweet song stole through the open door.

"Friedel !" he murmured, and held his breath to listen. All through the declining day did the gentle sound con-

tinue ; now of grand chants or hymn caught from the cathedral choir, now of songs of chivalry or saintly legend so often sung over the evening fire ; the one flowing into the other in the wandering of failing powers, but never failing in the tender sweetness that had distinguished Friedel through life. And, whenever that voice was heard, let them do to him what they would, Ebbo was still absorbed in intense listening so as not to lose a note, and lulled almost out of sense of suffering by that swan-like music. If his attendants made such noise as to break in on it, or if it ceased for a moment, the anguish returned, but was charmed away by the weakest, faintest resumption of the song. Probably Friedel knew not, with any earthly sense, what he was doing, but to the very last he was serving his twin brother as none other could have aided him in his need.

The September sun had set, twilight was coming on, the doctor had worked his stern will, and Ebbo, quivering in every fibre, lay spent on his pillow, when his mother glided in, and took her seat near him, though where she hoped he would not notice her presence. But he raised his eyelids, and said, "He is not singing now."

"Singing indeed, but where we cannot hear him," she answered. "'Whiter than the snow, clearer than the ice-cave, more solemn than the choir. They will come at last.' That was what he said, even as he entered there." And the low dove-like tone and tender calm face continued upon Ebbo the spell that the chant had left. He dozed as though still lulled by its echo.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

THE star and the spark in the stubble ! Often did the presage of her dream occur to Christina, and assist in sustaining her hopes during the days that Ebbo's life hung in the balance, and he himself had hardly consciousness to realize either his brother's death or his own state, save as much as was shown by the words, "Let

him not be taken away, mother; let him wait for me."

Friedmund did wait, in his coffin before the altar in the castle chapel, covered with a pall of blue velvet, and great white cross, mournfully sent by Hausfrau Johanna; his sword, shield, helmet, and spurs laid on it, and wax tapers burning at the head and feet. And, when Christina could leave the one son on his couch of suffering, it was to kneel beside the other son on his narrow bed of rest, and recall, like a breath of solace, the heavenly loveliness and peace that rested on his features when she had taken her last long look at them.

Moritz Schleiermacher assisted at Sir Friedmund's first solemn requiem, and then made a journey to Ulm, whence he returned to find the baron's danger so much abated that he ventured on begging for an interview with the lady, in which he explained his purpose of repairing at once to the imperial camp, taking with him a letter from the guilds concerned in the bridge, and using his personal influence with Maximilian to obtain not only pardon for the combat, but authoritative sanction to the erection. Dankwart von Schlangenwald, the Teutonic knight, and only heir of old Wolfgang, was supposed to be with the emperor, and it might be possible to come to terms with him, since his breeding in the Prussian commanderies had kept him aloof from the feuds of his father and brother. This mournful fight had to a certain extent equalized the injuries on either side, since the man whom Friedel had cut down was Hierom, one of the few remaining scions of Schlangenwald, and there was thus no dishonour in trying to close the deadly feud, and coming to an amicable arrangement about the Debateable Strand, the cause of so much bloodshed. What was now wanted was Freiherr Eberhard's signature to the letter to the emperor, and his authority for making terms with the new count; and haste was needed, lest the Markgraf of Wurtemberg should view the affray in the light of an outrage against a member of the League.

Christina saw the necessity, and un-

dertook if possible to obtain her son's signature, but, at the first mention of Master Moritz and the bridge, Ebbo turned away his head, groaned, and begged to hear no more of either. He thought of his bold declaration that the bridge must be built, even at the cost of blood. Little did he then guess of whose blood! And in his bitterness of spirit he felt a jealousy of that influence of Schleiermacher, which had of late come between him and his brother. He hated the very name, he said, and hid his face with a shudder. He hoped the torrent would sweep away every fragment of the bridge.

"Nay, Ebbo mine, wherefore wish ill to a good work that our blessed one loved? Listen, and let me tell you my dream for making yonder strand a peaceful memorial of our peaceful boy."

"To honour Friedel?" and he gazed on her with something like interest in his eyes.

"Yes, Ebbo, and as he would best brook honour. Let us seek for ever to end the rival claims to yon piece of meadow by praying this knight of a religious order, the new Count, to unite with us in building there—or as near as may be safe—a church of holy peace, and a cell for a priest, who may watch over the bridge ward, and offer the holy sacrifice for the departed of either house. There will we place our gentle Friedel to be the first to guard the peace of the ford, and there will we sleep ourselves when our time shall come, and so may the cruel feud of many generations be slaked for ever."

"In his blood!" sighed Ebbo. "Ah! would that it had been mine, mother. It is well, as well as anything can be again. So shall the spot where he fell be made sacred, and fenced from rude feet, and we shall see his fair effigy keeping his armed watch there."

And Christina was thankful to see his look of gratification, sad though it was. She sat down near his bed, and began to write a letter in their joint names to Graf Dankwart von Schlangenwald, proposing that thus, after the even balance of the wrongs of the two houses,

their mutual hostility might be laid to rest for ever by the consecration of the cause of their long contention. It was a stiff and formal letter, full of the set pious formularies of the age, scarcely revealing the deep heart-feeling within; but it was to the purpose, and Ebbo, after hearing it read, heartily approved, and consented to sign both it and those that Schleiermacher had brought. Christina held the scroll, and placed the pen in the fingers that had lately so easily wielded the heavy sword, but now felt it a far greater effort to guide the slender quill.

Moritz Schleiermacher went his way in search of the King of the Romans, far off in Carinthia. A full reply could not be expected till the campaign was over, and all that was known for some time was through a messenger sent back to Ulm by Schleiermacher with the intelligence that Maximilian would examine into the matter after his return, and that Count Dankwart would reply when he should come to perform his father's obsequies after the army was dispersed. There was also a letter of kind though courtly condolence from Kasimir of Wildschloss, much grieving for gallant young Sir Friedmund, proffering all the advocacy he could give the cause of Adlerstein, and covertly proffering the protection that she and her remaining son might now be more disposed to accept. Christina suppressed this letter, knowing it would only pain and irritate Ebbo, and that she had her answer ready. Indeed, in her grief for one son, and her anxiety for the other, perhaps it was this letter that first made her fully realize the drift of those earnest words of Friedel's respecting his father.

Meantime the mother and son were alone together, with much of suffering and of sorrow, yet with a certain tender comfort in the being all in all to one another, with none to intermeddle with their mutual love and grief. It was to Christina as if something of Friedel's sweetness had passed to his brother in his patient helplessness, and that, while thus fully engrossed with him, she had both her sons in one. Nay, in spite of

all the pain, grief, and weariness, these were times when both dreaded any change, and the full recovery, when not only would the loss of Friedel be every moment freshly brought home to his brother, but when Ebbo would go in quest of his father.

For on this the young baron had fixed his mind as a sacred duty, from the moment he had seen that life was to be his lot. He looked on his neglect of indications of the possibility of his father's life in the light of a sin that had led to all his disasters, and not only regarded the intended search as a token of repentance, but as a charge bequeathed to him by his less selfish brother. He seldom spoke of his intention, but his mother was perfectly aware of it, and never thought of it without such an agony of foreboding dread as eclipsed all the hope that lay beyond. She could only turn away her mind from the thought, and be thankful for what was still her own from day to day.

"Art weary, my son?" asked Christina one October afternoon, as Ebbo lay on his bed, languidly turning the pages of a noble folio of the *Legends of the Saints* that Master Gottfried had sent for his amusement. It was such a book as fixed the ardour a few years later of the wounded Navarrese knight, Inigo de Loyola, but Ebbo handled it as if each page were lead.

"Only thinking how Friedel would have glowed towards these as his own kinsmen," said Ebbo. "Then should I have cared to read of them!" and he gave a long sigh.

"Let me take away the book," she said. "Thou hast read long, and it is dark."

"So dark that there must surely be a snow-cloud."

"Snow is falling in the large flakes that our Friedel used to call winter butterflies."

"Butterflies that will swarm and shut us in from the weary world," said Ebbo. "And alack! when they go, what a turmoil it will be! Councils in the Rathhaus, appeals to the League, wrang-

lings with the Markgraf, wise saws, overweening speeches, all alike dull and dead."

"It will scarce be so when strength and spirit have returned, mine Ebbo."

"Never can life be more to me than the way to him," said the lonely boy; "and I—never like him—shall miss the road without him."

While he thus spoke in the listless dejection of sorrow and weakness, Hatto's aged step was on the stair. "Gracious lady," he said, "here is a huntsman bewildered in the hills, who has been asking shelter from the storm that is drifting up."

"See to his entertainment, then, Hatto," said the lady.

"My lady—sir baron," added Hatto, "I had not come up but that this guest seems scarce gear for us below. He is none of the foresters of our tract. His hair is perfumed, his shirt is fine holland, his buff suit is of softest skin, his baldric has a jewelled clasp, and his arblast! It would do my lord baron's heart good only to cast eyes on the perfect make of that arblast! He has a lordly tread, and a stately presence, and, though he has a free tongue, and made friends with us as he dried his garments, he asked after my lord like his equal."

"O, mother, must you play the chate-laine?" asked Ebbo. "Who can the fellow be? Why did none ever so come when they would have been more welcome?"

"Welcomed must he be," said Christina, rising, "and thy state shall be my excuse for not tarrying longer with him than may be needful."

Yet, though shrinking from a stranger's face, she was not without hope that the variety might wholesomely rouse her son from his depression, and in effect Ebbo, when left with Hatto, minutely questioned him on the appearance of the stranger, and watched with much curiosity for his mother's return.

"Ebbo mine," she said, entering after a long interval, "the knight asks to see thee either after supper, or to-morrow morn."

"Then a knight he is?"

"Yea truly, a knight truly in every look and gesture, bearing his head like the leading stag of the herd, and yet right gracious."

"Gracious to you, mother, in your own hall?" cried Ebbo, almost fiercely.

"Ah! jealous champion, thou couldst not take offence! It was the manner of one free and courteous to every one, and yet with an inherent loftiness that pervades all."

"Gives he no name?" said Ebbo.

"He calls himself Ritter Theurdank, of the suite of the late Kaiser, but I should deem him wont rather to lead than to follow."

"Theurdank," repeated Eberhard, "I know no such name! So, motherling, are you going to sup? I shall not sleep till I have seen him!"

"Hold, dear son." She leant over him and spoke low. "See him thou must, but let me first station Heinz and Koppel at the door with halberts, not within ear-shot, but thou art so entirely defenceless."

She had the pleasure of seeing him laugh. "Less defenceless than when the kinsman of Wildschloss here visited us, mother? I see for whom thou takest him, but let it be so; a spiritual knight could scarce wreak his vengeance on a wounded man in his bed. I will not have him insulted with precautions. If he has freely risked himself in my hands, I will as freely risk myself in his. Moreover, I thought he had won thy heart."

"Reigned over it, rather," said Christina. "It is but the disguise that I suspect and mistrust. Bid me not leave thee alone with him, my son."

"Nay, dear mother," said Ebbo, "the matters on which he is like to speak will brook no presence save our own, and even that will be hard enough to bear. So prop me more upright! So! And comb out these locks somewhat smoother. Thanks, mother. Now can he see whether he will choose Eberhard of Adlerstein for friend or foe."

By the time supper was ended, the only light in the upper room came from the flickering flames of the fire of pine knots on the hearth. It glanced on the

pale features and dark sad eyes of the young baron, sad in spite of the eager look of scrutiny that he turned on the figure that entered at the door, and approached so quickly that the partial light only served to show the gloss of long fair hair, the glint of a jewelled belt, and the outline of a tall, well-knit, agile frame.

"Welcome, Herr Ritter," he said, "I am sorry we have been unable to give you a fitter reception."

"No host could be more fully excused than you," said the stranger, and Ebbo started at his voice. "I fear you have suffered much, and still have much to suffer."

"My sword wound is healing fast," said Ebbo; "it is the shot in my broken thigh that is so tedious and painful."

"And I dare be sworn the leeches made it worse. I have hated all leeches ever since they kept me three days a prisoner in a pothecary's shop stinking with drugs. Why, I have cured myself with one pitcher of water of a raging fever, in their very despite! How did they serve thee, my poor boy?"

"They poured hot oil into the wound to remove the venom of the lead," said Ebbo.

"Had it been me, the lead should have been in their own brains first, though that were scarce needed, the heavy-witted Hans Sausages. Why should there be more poison in lead than in steel? I've asked all my surgeons that question, nor ever had a reasonable answer. Greater havoc of warriors do they make than ever with the arquebus—ay, even when every lanzknecht bears one."

"Alack!" Ebbo could not help exclaiming, "where will be room for chivalry?"

"Talk not old world nonsense," said Theurdank; "chivalry is in the heart, not in the weapon. A youth beforehand enough with the world to be building bridges should know that, when all our troops are provided with such an arm, then will their platoons in serried ranks be as a solid wall breathing fire, and as impregnable as the lines of

English archers with long bows, or the phalanx of Macedon. And, when each man bears a pistol instead of the misericorde, his life will be far more his own."

Ebbo's face was in full light, and his visitor marked his contracted brow and trembling lip. "Ah!" he said, "thou hast had foul experience of these weapons."

"Not mine own hurt," said Ebbo; "that was but fair chance of war."

"I understand," said the knight, "it was the shot that severed the goodly bond that was so fair to see. Young man, none has grieved more truly than King Max."

"And well he may," said Ebbo. "He has not lost merely one of his best servants, but all the better half of another."

"There is still stuff enough left to make that one well worth having," said Theurdank, kindly grasping his hand, "though I would it were more substantial! How didst get old Wolfgang down, boy? He must have been a tough morsel for slight bones like these, even when better covered than now. Come, tell me all. I promised the Markgraf of Wurtemberg to look into the matter when I came to be guest at St. Ruprecht's cloister, and I have some small interest too with King Max."

His kindness and sympathy were more effectual with Ebbo than the desire to represent his case favourably, for he was still too wretched to care for policy; but he answered Theurdank's questions readily, and explained how the idea of the bridge had originated in the vigil beside the broken waggons.

"I hope," said Theurdank, "the merchants made up thy share? These overthrown goods are a seignorial right of one or other of you lords of the bank."

"True, Herr Ritter; but we deemed it unknighly to snatch at what travellers lost by misfortune."

"Freiherr Eberhard, take my word for it, while thou thus holdest, all the arquebuses yet to be cut out of the Black Forest will not mar thy chivalry. Where didst get these ways of thinking?"

"My brother was a very St. Sebastian! My mother——"

"Ah! her sweet wise face would have shown it, even had not poor Kasimir of Adlerstein raved of her. Ah! lad, thou hast crossed a case of true love there! Canst not brook even such a gallant stepfather?"

"I may not," said Ebbo, with spirit; "for with his last breath Schlangewald owned that my own father died not at the hostel, but may now be alive as a Turkish slave."

"The devil!" burst out Theurdank. "Well! That might have been a pretty mess! A Turkish slave, saidst thou! What year chanced all this matter?—thy grandfather's murder, and all the rest?"

"The year before my birth," said Ebbo. "It was in the September of 1475."

"Ha," muttered Theurdank, musing to himself; "that was the year the dotard Schenk got his overthrow at the fight of Rain on Sare from the Moslem. Some composition was made by them, and old Wolfgang was not unlikely to have been the go-between. So! Say on, young knight," he added, "let us to the matter in hand. How rose the strife that kept back two troops from us—from the banner of the empire?"

Ebbo proceeded with his narration, and concluded it just as the bell now belonging to the chapel began to toll for compline, and Theurdank prepared to obey its summons, first, however, asking if he should send any one to the patient. Ebbo thanked him, but said he needed no one till his mother should come after prayers.

"Nay, I told thee I had some leechcraft. Thou art weary, and must rest more entirely;"—and, giving him little choice, Theurdank supported him with one arm while removing the pillows that propped him, then laid him tenderly down, saying, "Good-night, and the saints bless thee, brave young knight. Sleep well, and recover in spite of the leeches. I cannot afford to lose both of you."

Ebbo strove to follow mentally the

services that were being performed in the chapel, and whose "amens" and louder notes pealed up to him, devoid of the clear young tones that had sung their last here below, but swelled by grand bass notes that as much distracted Ebbo's attention as the memory of his guest's conversation; and he impatiently awaited his mother's arrival.

At length, lamp in hand, she appeared with tears shining in her eyes, and bending over him said, "He hath done honour to our blessed one, my Ebbo; he knelt by him, and crossed him with holy water, and when he led me from the chapel he told me any mother in Germany might envy me my two sons even now. Thou must love him now, Ebbo."

"Love him as one loves one's loftiest model,"—said Ebbo—"Value the old castle the more for sheltering him."

"Hath he made himself known to thee?"

"Not openly, but there is only one that he can be."

Christina smiled, thankful that the work of pardon and reconciliation had been thus softened by the personal qualities of the enemy, whose conduct in the chapel had deeply moved her.

"Then all will be well, blessedly well," she said.

"So I trust," said Ebbo, "but the bell broke our converse, and he laid me down as tenderly as—— O, mother, if a father's kindness be like his, I have truly somewhat to regain."

"Knew he ought of the fell bargain?" whispered Christina.

"Not he, of course, save that it was a year of Turkish inroads. He will speak more perchance to-morrow. Mother, not a word to any one, nor let us betray our recognition unless it be his pleasure to make himself known."

"Certainly not," said Christina, remembering the danger that the household might revenge Friedel's death if they knew the foe to be in their power. Knowing as she did that Ebbo's admiration was apt to be enthusiastic, and might now be rendered the more fervent by fever and solitude, she was still at a

loss to understand his dazzled, fascinated state.

When Heinz entered, bringing the castle key, which was always laid under the baron's pillow, Ebbo made a movement with his hand that surprised them both, as if to send it elsewhere—then muttered, "No, no, not till he reveals himself," and asked, "Where sleeps the guest?"

"In the grandmother's room, which we fitted for a guestchamber, little thinking who our first would be," said his mother.

"Never fear, lady; we will have a care to him," said Heinz, somewhat grimly.

"Yes, have a care," said Ebbo, wearily; "and take care all due honour is shown to him! Good night, Heinz."

"Gracious lady," said Heinz, when by a sign he had intimated to her his desire of speaking with her unobserved by the baron, "never fear; I know who the fellow is as well as you do. I shall be at the foot of the stairs, and woe to whoever tries to step up them past me."

"There is no reason to apprehend treason, Heinz, yet to be on our guard can do no harm."

"Nay, lady, I could look to the gear for the oubliette if you would speak the word."

"For heaven's sake, no, Heinz. This man has come hither trusting to our honour, and you could not do your lord a greater wrong, nor one that he could less pardon, than by any attempt on our guest."

"Would that he had never eaten our bread!" muttered Heinz. "Vipers be they all, and who knows what may come next?"

"Watch, watch, Heinz; that is all," implored Christina, "and, above all, not a word to any one else."

And Christina dismissed the man-at-arms gruff and sullen, and herself retired ill at ease between fears of, and for, the unwelcome guest whose strange powers of fascination had rendered her, in his absence, doubly distrustful.

CHAPTER XXI.

RITTER THEURDANK.

THE snow fell all night without ceasing, and was still falling on the morrow, when the guest explained his desire of paying a short visit to the young baron, and then taking his departure. Christina would gladly have been quit of him, but she felt bound to remonstrate, for their mountain was absolutely impassable during a fall of snow, above all when accompanied by wind, since the drifts concealed fearful abysses, and the shifting masses ensured destruction to the unwary wayfarer; nay, natives themselves had perished between the hamlet and the castle.

"Not the hardest cragsman, not my son himself," she said, "could venture on such a morning to guide you to——"

"Whither, gracious dame?" asked Theurdank, half smiling.

"Nay, sir, I would not utter what you would not make known."

"You know me then?"

"Surely, sir, for our noble foe, whose generous trust in our honour must win my son's heart."

"So," he said with a peculiar smile, "Theurdank—Dankwart—I see! May I ask if your son likewise smelt out the Schlangenwald?"

"Verily, sir count, my Ebbo is not easily deceived. He said our guest could be but one man in all the empire."

Theurdank smiled again, saying, "Then, lady, you shudder not at a man whose kin and yours have shed so much of one another's blood?"

"Nay, ghostly knight, I regard you as no more stained therewith than are my sons by the deeds of their grandfather."

"If there were more like you, lady," returned Theurdank, "deadly feuds would soon be starved out. May I to your son? I have more to say to him, and I would fain hear his views of the storm."

Christina could not be quite at ease with Theurdank in her son's room, but

she had no choice, and she knew that Heinz was watching on the turret stair, out of hearing indeed, but as ready to spring as a cat who sees her young ones in the hand of a child that she only half trusts.

Ebbo lay eagerly watching for his visitor, who greeted him with the same almost paternal kindness he had evinced the night before, but consulted him upon the way from the castle. Ebbo confirmed his mother's opinion that the path was impracticable so long as the snow fell, and the wind tossed it in wild drifts.

"We have been caught in snow," he said, "and hard work have we had to get home! Once indeed, after a bear hunt, we fully thought the castle stood before us, and lo! it was all a cruel snow mist in that mocking shape. I was even about to climb our last Eagle's Step, as I thought, when behold, it proved to be the very brink of the abyss."

"Ah! these ravines are well-nigh as bad as those of the Inn. I've known what it was to be caught on the ledge of a precipice by a sharp wind, changing its course, mark'st thou, so swiftly that it verily tore my hold from the rock, and had well-nigh swept me into a chasm of mighty depth. There was nothing for it but to make the best spring I might towards the crag on the other side, and grip for my life at my alpenstock, which by Our Lady's grace was firmly planted, and I held on till I got breath again, and felt for my footing on the ice-glazed rock."

"Ah!" said Eberhard with a long breath, after having listened with a hunter's keen interest to this hair-breadth escape, "it sounds like a gust of my mountain air thus let in on me."

"Truly it is dismal work for a lusty hunter to lie here," said Theurdank, "but soon shalt thou take thy crags again in full vigour, I hope. How call'st thou the deep grey lonely pool under a steep frowning crag, sharpened well-nigh to a spear point, that I passed yester afternoon?"

"The Ptarmigan's Mere, the Red

Eyrie," murmured Ebbo, scarcely able to utter the words as he thought of Friedel's delight in the pool, his exploit at the eyrie, and the gay bargain made in the streets of Ulm, that he should show the scalar of the Dom steeple the way to the eagle's nest.

"I remember," said his guest gravely, coming to his side. "Ah, boy! thy brother's flight has been higher yet. Weep freely; fear me not. Do I not know what it is, when those who were over-good for earth have found their eagle's wings, and left us here?"

Ebbo gazed up through his tears into the noble, mournful face that was bent kindly over him. "I will not seek to comfort thee by counselling thee to forget," said Theurdank. "I was scarce thine elder when my life was thus rent asunder, and to hoar hairs, nay, to the grave itself, will she be my glory and my sorrow. Never owned I brother, but I trow ye two were one in no common sort."

"Such brothers as we saw at Ulm were little like us," returned Ebbo, from the bottom of his heart. "We were knit together so that all will begin with me as if it were the left hand remaining alone to do it! I am glad that my old life may not even in shadow be renewed till after I have gone in quest of my father."

"Be not over hasty in that quest," said the guest, "or the infidels may chance to gain two Freiherren instead of one. Hast any designs?"

Ebbo explained that he thought of making his way to Genoa to consult the merchant Gian Battista dei Battiste, whose description of the captive German noble had so strongly impressed Friedel. Ebbo knew the difference between Turks and Moors, but Friedel's impulse guided him, and he further thought that at Genoa he should learn the way to deal with either variety of infidel. Theurdank thought this a prudent course, since the Genoese had dealings both at Tripoli and Constantinople; and, moreover, the transfer was not impossible, since the two different hordes of Moslems trafficked among themselves when either had made an unusually successful razzia.

"Shame!" he broke out, "that these Eastern locusts, these ravening hounds, should prey unmolested on the fairest lands of the earth, and our German nobles lie here like swine, grunting and squealing over the plunder they grub up from one another, deaf to any summons from heaven or earth. Did not Heaven's own voice speak in thunder this last year, even in November, hurling the mighty thunderbolt of Alsace, an ell long, weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds? Did I not cause it to be hung up in the church of Encisheim, as a witness and warning of the plagues that hang over us? But no, nothing will quicken them from their sloth and drunkenness till the foe are at their doors; and, if a man arise of different mould, with some heart for the knightly, the good, and the true, then they kill him for me! But thou, Adlerstein, this pious quest over, thou wilt return to me. Thou hast head to think and heart to feel for the shame and woe of this mis-guided land."

"I trust so, my lord," said Ebbo. "Truly I have suffered bitterly for pursuing my own quarrel rather than the crusade."

"I meant not thee," said Theurdank, kindly. "Thy bridge is a benefit to me, as much as, or more than ever it can be to thee. Dost know Italian? There is something of Italy in thine eye."

"My mother's mother was Italian, my lord, but she died so early that her language has not descended to my mother or myself."

"Thou shouldst learn it. It will be pastime while thou art bed-fast, and serve thee well in dealing with the Moslem. Moreover, I may have work for thee in Welschland. Books? I will send thee books. There is the whole chronicle of Karl the Great, and all his Palsgrafen, by Pulci and Boiardo, a brave count and gentleman himself, governor of Reggio, and worthy to sing of deeds of arms, so choice too as to the names of his heroes that they say he caused his church bells to be rung when he had found one for Rodomonte, his infidel Hector. He has shown up Roland

as a love-sick knight, though, which is out of all accord with Archbishop Turpin. Wilt have him?"

"When we were together we used to love tales of chivalry."

"Ah! Or wilt have the stern old Ghibelline Florentine, who explored the three realms of the departed? Deep lore, and well-nigh unsearchable, is his; but I love him for the sake of his Beatrice, who guided him. May we find such guides in our day!"

"I have heard of him," said Ebbo. "If he will tell me where my Friedel walks in light, then, my lord, I would read him with all my heart."

"Or wouldst thou have rare Franciscus Petrarca? I wot thou art too young as yet for the yearnings of his sonnets, but their voice is sweet to the bereft heart." And he murmured over, in their melodious Italian flow, the lines on Laura's death:—

"Not pallid, but yet whiter than the snow
By wind unstirred that on a hill side lies;
Rest seemed as on a weary frame to grow,
A gentle slumber pressed her lovely eyes."

"Ah!" he added aloud to himself, "it is ever to me as though the poet had watched in that chamber at Ghent."

Such were the discourses of that morning, now on poetry and book lore; now admiration of the carvings that decked the room; now talk on grand architectural designs, or improvements in firearms, or the discussion of hunting adventures. There seemed nothing in art, life, or learning in which the versatile mind of Theurdank was not at home, or that did not end in some strange personal reminiscence of his own. All was so kind, so gracious, and brilliant, that at first the interview was full of wondering delight to Ebbo, but latterly it became very fatiguing from the strain of attention, above all towards a guest who evidently knew that he was known, while not permitting such recognition to be avowed. Ebbo began to long for an interruption, but, though he could see by the lightened sky that the weather had cleared up, it would have been impossible to have suggested to any guest that the way might now probably be

open, and more especially to such a guest as this. Considerate as his visitor had been the night before, the pleasure of talk seemed to have done away with the remembrance of his host's weakness, till Ebbo so flagged that at last he was scarcely alive to more than the continued sound of the voice, and all the pain that for a while had been in abeyance seemed to have mastered him; but his guest, half reading his books, half discoursing, seemed too much immersed in his own plans, theories, and adventures, to mark the condition of his auditor.

Interruption came at last, however. There was a sudden knock at the door at noon, and with scant ceremony Heinz entered, followed by three other of the men-at-arms, fully equipped.

"Ha! what means this?" demanded Ebbo.

"Peace, sir Baron," said Heinz, advancing so as to place his large person between Ebbo's bed and the strange hunter. "You know nothing of it. We are not going to lose you as well as your brother, and we mean to see how this knight likes to serve as a hostage instead of opening the gates as a traitor spy. On him, Koppel, it is thy right."

"Hands off! at your peril, villains!" exclaimed Ebbo, sitting up, and speaking in the steady resolute voice that had so early rendered him thoroughly their master, but much perplexed and dismayed, and entirely unassisted by Theurdank, who stood looking on with almost a smile as if diverted by his predicament.

"By your leave, Herr Freiherr," said Heinz, putting his hand on his shoulder, "this is no concern of yours. While you cannot guard yourself or my lady, it is our part to do so. I tell you his minions are on their way to surprise the castle."

Even as Heinz spoke, Christina came panting into the room, and hurrying to her son's side, said, "Sir Count, is this just, is this honourable, thus to return my son's welcome, in his helpless condition?"

"Mother, are you likewise distracted?" exclaimed Ebbo. "What is all this madness?"

"Alas! my son, it is no frenzy. There are armed men coming up the Eagle's Stairs on the one hand, and by the Gemsbock's Pass on the other!"

"But not a hair of your head shall they hurt, lady," said Heinz. "This fellow's limbs shall be thrown to them over the battlements. On, Koppel!"

"Off, Koppel!" thundered Ebbo. "Would you brand me with shame for ever? Were he all the Schlangenwalds in one, he should go as freely as he came; but he is no more Schlangenwald than I am."

"He has deceived you, my lord," said Heinz. "My lady's own letter to Schlangenwald was in his chamber. 'Tis a treacherous disguise."

"Fool that thou art!" said Ebbo. "I know this gentleman well. I knew him at Ulm. Those who meet him here mean me no ill. Open the gates and receive them honourably! Mother, mother, trust me, all is well. I know what I am saying."

The men looked one upon another. Christina wrung her hands, uncertain whether her son were not under some strange fatal deception.

"My lord has his fancies," growled Koppel. "I'll not be balked of my right of vengeance for his scruples! Will he swear that this fellow is what he calls himself?"

"I swear," said Ebbo, slowly, "that he is a true, loyal knight, well known to me."

"Swear it distinctly, sir Baron," said Heinz. "We have all too deep a debt of vengeance to let off any one who comes here lurking in the interest of our foe. Swear that this is Theurdank, or we send his head to greet his friends."

Drops stood on Ebbo's brow, and his breath laboured as he felt his senses reeling, and his powers of defence for his guest failing him. Even should the stranger confess his name, the people of the castle might not believe him; and here he stood like one indifferent, evidently measuring how far his young host would go in his cause.

"I cannot swear that his real name is Theurdank," said Ebbo, rallying his

forces, "but this I swear, that he is neither friend nor fosterer of Schlangenwald, that I know him, and I had rather die than that the slightest indignity were offered him." Here, and with a great effort that terribly wrenched his wounded leg, he reached past Heinz, and grasped his guest's hand, pulling him as near as he could.

"Sir," he said, "if they try to lay hands on you, strike my death-blow!"

A bugle-horn was wound outside. The men stood daunted—Christina, in extreme terror for her son, who lay gasping, breathless, but still clutching the stranger's hand, and with eyes of fire glaring on the mutinous warriors. Another bugle blast! Heinz was almost in the act of grappling with the silent foe, and Koppel cried as he raised his halbert, "Now or never!" but paused.

"Never, so please you," said the

strange guest. "What if your young lord could not forswear himself that my name is Theurdank! Are you foes to all the world save Theurdank?"

"No masking," said Heinz, sternly. "Tell your true name as an honest man, and we will judge if you be friend or foe."

"My name is a mouthful, as your master knows," said the guest slowly, looking with strangely amused eyes on the confused lanzknechts, who were trying to devour their rage, "I was baptized Maximilianus; Archduke of Austria, by birth; by choice of the Germans, King of the Romans."

"The Kaiser!"

Christina dropped on her knee; the men-at-arms tumbled backwards; Ebbo pressed the hand he held to his lips, and fainted away. The bugle sounded for the third time.

To be continued.

REMINISCENCES OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

IN the summer of 183—, it was the fortune of the writer, between leaving school and residing at the University, to join an Oxford reading-party in the beautiful valley of Grasmere. Grasmere was then a much more sequestered spot than it has since become; there were none of the villas which have since been built; and, except two or three farmhouses on the borders of the lake, and a shepherd's hut here and there upon the mountains, the neighbourhood of the little village was the very ideal of repose and solitude. Not that this most peaceful of valleys has lost its peculiar tranquillity even now, when its charms have attracted a greater number of inhabitants. It combines, indeed, so many elements of quiet beauty that its character cannot easily be changed. Not so small as to give the sense of compression and confinement to the view, it is yet so bounded by surrounding hills that it has a unity and distinctness of its own. The eye takes in its

main expression at a glance; but it needs time to become acquainted with the particular features of the scene, especially to appreciate the extreme gracefulness of the contour of the mountains, among which the lake lies in still beauty, reflecting as in a mirror the trees which grow down to the water's edge, and the island in the centre.

In the south-west corner of the churchyard there is a spot which resembles in its sacredness, though so strangely contrasted in its surrounding features, the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Here are two grave-stones, inscribed respectively with the names of William Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge. At the time alluded to both were living—Wordsworth in his house near Rydal; Hartley Coleridge in a cottage just outside the village of Grasmere, on the road that leads to Rydal. The latter was a frequent guest of our party, and companion of our walks. He was then in appearance

about fifty years of age, of unusually short, even diminutive, stature; his hair beginning to be grey, his brow broad and intellectual. His gestures and movements were peculiar; he had a habit, even in company, of rising from his seat, and laying his hand upon his head, with open fingers, as if measuring its shape and size; and, when he thought that no one observed him, as he walked among the quiet roads, or on the hills, he would wave his arms as if reciting poetry or conversing with the mountains, his companions. His eyes, if memory serves right, were dark grey, and the expression of his face thoughtful and benevolent, with a touch of sadness. He was a frequent attendant at the church on Sundays; but even there his poetic fancies often seemed to follow him, and it was difficult not to watch his features with wonder and amusement, while he stood up in his pew and looked round on the kneeling congregation, a strange but kindly smile playing on his face, as of one looking down with benevolent interest on children engaged in their devotions. Not that he himself was wanting in decorous attention to the service, for his mind was in its very structure devotional, as his writings testify; and his conversation, though tinged occasionally with satirical or humorous allusions to religious parties, never breathed irreverence or doubt with regard to Christian truth.

Of the impression produced by his conversation it is difficult to give an adequate conception. Young men, it is true, are more susceptible of pleasure from intercourse with a really original thinker than those whose admiration is held in check by larger experience, and perhaps distrust. And it may be partly due to this intense appreciation of what is far-reaching and beautiful in thought and imagery, which is the gift of youth, that the conversation of Hartley Coleridge seems in retrospect so marvellous. For the minds of the young in the four or five years preceding and following manhood are receptive of ideas to a degree that is never the case in after-life. Practical experience, in the vast

majority of cases, sets a bar to the imagination, and limits intellectual interests. Even where the latter are still retained, the vivid delight in new thoughts and ideas gives place to a critical habit; we no longer climb the mountains merely for the sake of the unknown views beyond, but choose safe paths that will bring us with the least trouble to our journey's end. The *abandon* with which we threw ourselves upon the untried regions of thought is gone, never to return. Nor can the mind, that retains to the end most of its first freshness recover the keen delight and the eager admiration with which, in the opening of its powers, it welcomed the utterances of gifted men, and drank in their teaching.

Even older men, however, have borne testimony to the remarkable brilliance of Hartley Coleridge's conversation. It was not that it was sprightly, clever, and witty; such conversation is sometimes most fatiguing. It was not, as his father's is described, an eloquent, rapt monologue: there was nothing in it obscure and misty, no oracular pretension, no dark profundities. Yet few ever exemplified more strongly the in-born difference between genius and talent. Beautiful ideas seemed to be breathed into his mind perpetually, as if they came to him from the mountain breezes, or welled up in his heart and mind from an inexhaustible reservoir within. There was nothing like effort, nothing like that straining after brilliance which wearies while it amuses: all was simple, unaffected, spontaneous. Perhaps the fact that his companions were younger than himself, and glad to listen to the poet's words, encouraged the unrestrained flow of his thought. Among equals there is apt to be rivalry, or at least reserve; appreciation and sympathy from younger men often unlock stores of thought, and draw out its treasures. And in Hartley Coleridge these were vast and varied—to his younger hearers apparently inexhaustible. A wide and diversified range of reading, especially in poetry, philosophy, and biography, had supplied him with

abundant material, which his original and ever-active mind was continually shaping. Nor, although evidently pleased to pour out his reflections, did he monopolize the conversation, as some great talkers are wont to do. A question or remark from any of his younger hearers would engage him in a new train of thought, and he would listen to their arguments with perfect courtesy and patience, and without any of that self-conscious superiority which sometimes makes the conversation of clever men so oppressive.

It must not be supposed that the only topics that interested him were poetry and literature. His remarks on politics, and Church questions, or other subjects of the day, were keen and original, often humorous or satirical. There lay in his mind, as in that of men of imaginative genius there always is, a fund of humour, breaking out now in sparks of wit, now in somewhat broad and boyish jests. "What is the charge for asses?" he would suddenly say to the astonished turnpike-keeper on the Thirlmere road, putting his hand in his pocket, and turning to count his companions as they passed the toll-bar. Occasionally, but not frequently, a tinge of bitterness would dash the current of his talk; more often, in a few words of powerful irony he would denounce some popular untruth, and expose its fallacy. Such passages are to be found here and there in his writings, although their prevailing tone is grace and tenderness. His mind, indeed, had a strong element of stern and masculine feeling, which did not often rise to the surface, but which, if he had given it scope, would have made him eloquent and powerful as a moral teacher or a satirist.

And yet, notwithstanding the varied play of his intellect, and a certain child-like enjoyment of his gifts, the whole impression left on the mind by intercourse with him was one of sadness and pity, mingled with admiration. There was cause enough for this, unhappily, in his life, in facts which this is not the place to dwell on—which, indeed, it is no concern of ours to dwell on at all.

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Inheriting in a high degree his father's genius, he inherited something of his defect of will. One unhappy weakness marred, without staining, a character which was in its substance singularly innocent, benevolent, pure, and child-like. Few men could have done less harm; few men of such diversified genius have written so much of un-mixed good. But the consciousness of great power combined with any degree of moral weakness, of lofty and immortal gifts, lifting their possessor above common men, while in strength of will and self-control he feels himself unequal to them, must create a sadness, deep and bitter, in proportion to the intrinsic worth and purity of the heart. This sadness was a prevailing feature in Hartley Coleridge's mind; it was expressed in his features, it underlay his conversation, it is the key-note to much of his poetry. That it never issued in defiance, or in unjust anger, or irreverence; that it never tempted him, as it has tempted so many others, to call good evil, and evil good; that it is always humble, self-accusing; still more, that in its deepest and most regretful moments it is always hopeful: this marks his character, in our judgment, as one worthy of all sympathy and love.

Few poets have left a more distinct impress of their mind and heart upon their works than Hartley Coleridge. Much of them belongs to that kind of poetry which is wrung by sorrow from the soul of genius. Nothing can exceed the melancholy of some of his sonnets; as of that deeply touching one—

"Once I was young, and fancy was my all,
My love, my joy, my grief, my hope, my fear,
And ever ready as an infant's tear,
Whate'er in Fancy's kingdom might befall;
Some quaint device had Fancy still at call,
With seemly verse to greet the coming cheer;
Such grief to soothe, such airy hope to rear,
To sing the birthsong, or the funeral,
Of such light love, it was a pleasant task;
But ill accord the quirks of wayward glee,
That wears affliction for a wanton mask,
With woes that bear not Fancy's livery;
With Hope that scorns of Fate its fate to
ask,
But is itself its own sure destiny."

D

Or the following:—

"Youth, thou art fled,—but where are all the charms
Which, though with thee they came, and
pass'd with thee,
Should leave a perfume and sweet memory
Of what they have been?—All thy boons
and harms
Have perished quite. Thy oft renewed
alarms
Forsake the flutt'ring echo.—Smiles and
tears
Die on my cheek, or, petrified with years,
Show the dull woe which no compassion
warms,
The mirth none shares. Yet could a wish,
a thought,
Unravel all the complex web of age—
Could all the characters that Time hath
wrought
Be clean effaced from my memorial page
By one short word, the word I would not say:
I thank my God because my hairs are grey."

In mere music and rhythm, his sonnets often come nearer to Shakspeare's than those of any modern poet, not excepting Wordsworth. The English language contains few more exquisite ones than that on the lack of great poets in this age:—

"Whither is gone the wisdom and the power
That ancient sages scattered with the notes
Of thought-suggesting lyres. The music
floats
In the void air; even at this breathing hour
In every cell and every blooming bower
The sweetness of old lays is hov'ring still;
But the strong soul, the self-sustaining will,
The rugged root that bare the winsome flower,
Is weak and withered. Were we like the
fays
That sweetly nestle in the foxglove bells,
Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipped shells
That Neptune to the earth as quit-rent
pays,
Then might our pretty modern Philomels
Sustain our spirits with their roundelays."

That again to Homer is scarcely inferior, especially in the concluding lines, describing the varied music of the old poet's verse:—

"How strong,
How fortified with all the num'rous train
Of human truths, great poet of thy kind,
Wert thou, whose verse, capacious as the sea,
And various as the voices of the wind,
Swell'd with the gladness of the battle's glee,
And yet could glorify infirmity
When Priam wept, or shamestruck Helen
pined."

The peculiarity of the sonnet, its ending as it were without an end, was adapted perhaps to a certain incompleteness, not of thought, nor of expression, which are often highly finished, but (if the expression may be used) of *character*, in the poet's mind. The sonnet finishes, yet does not finish, the subject; it contains a complete thought, but suggests that there is more behind. In the use of the double syllable at the end of the line—

"Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of
heaven,"

giving a quiet ring to the verse, and varying its monotony, as well as in the happy introduction of the tribrach, or the anapaest—

"To greet the pressure of immaculate feet,"

Hartley Coleridge is a consummate artist. But the characteristic of his poetry, throughout, is its unaffectedness. There is no straining after effect, no staring, startling epithets, no elaborate and artificial simplicity. All is graceful, tender, beautiful—the growth of a mind in which grace and beauty were native elements.

Whether his genius was capable of a sustained flight it is hard to say. The longest poem in his first volume (that published in his lifetime) is not the most striking; but that called the "Prometheus" (in the posthumous volume) though a fragment, is in itself a gem of exquisite beauty. It is an adaptation of some of the many mysterious ideas which cluster round the story of the benevolent, suffering, unbending Titan. In no modern poet can we point to a more beautiful passage than that in which the sylphs describe the infancy of Jupiter, at whose enforced desertion his mother Rhæa

—"would have given her godhead for a heart
That might have broken;"—

then his growing boyhood, while his future greatness dawned upon him gradually, and he longed for the day—

"When the glad sons of the delivered earth
Should yearly raise the multitudinous voice
Hymning great Jove, the God of Liberty!
Then he grew proud, yet gentle in his pride,
And full of tears, which well became his youth
As showers do spring. For he was quickly
moved
And joyed to hear sad stories that we told
Of what we saw on earth—of death, and woe,
And all the waste of time."

There is throughout this beautiful poem a classic grace embodying deeper than classical thoughts, a music as of the songs of the sylphs, and occasionally a grandeur not unlike that of Keats. We do not fear that the reader will regret the perusal of these "reminiscences," if they only introduce him to this single fragment.

Perhaps the writings of Hartley Coleridge are hardly known as much as they deserve to be. The blaze of glory around Tennyson dims for the present the lustre of contemporary poets. But as long as grace, pathos, and tenderness have charms when clothed in an expression of simple but finished beauty; as long as there is interest in the sorrows, and struggles, and hopes of a highly-gifted and good, though imperfect man; as long as there is sympathy for purity and tenderness of feeling, and delight in the melody of exquisite verse: so long will his works deserve a place among the genuine productions of high poetic genius.

WINE AND SLEEP.

AMID Cithaeron's solitudes, what time
Ambiguous eve was brightening stars with shade,
I heard young Bacchus boasting, as, superb
In languid pride and jovial indolence,
He leaned against a plane-tree richly wed
With vine at the Immortal's touch upgrown.
Low-browed, with pulsing nostril and short lip,
And slackly muscular he leaned, a cup
Idly on his plump finger balancing,
And, glorying thus, he mocked the other gods.

"Apollo, Hermes, Hera, Cybele,
Poseidon, Aphrodite, Artemis,
And very majesty of Zeus, look down,
And say where ye desery your worshippers.
Cold flaky ashes choke the relic brand,
Unbutchered lows the steer, neglected droops
The chaplet interwoven with pale webs.
For that the cities and the villages
Are void of them who worshipped erst, but now,
Evôe-shrieking, thyrsus-brandishing,
Grape-maddened, roam Cithaeron's wilds with me,
The youngest and the mightiest of the gods."

Thus vaunting he strode forth, and with proud glance
Surveyed his retinue; but at the sight
Contentment fled him, and he flushed with wrath,
'Ware of the presence of a mightier god.
For all the Maenads lay subdued by Sleep.
Careless in flowing attitudes, like streams
Of living beauty poured and serpentine,

They lay on bunches of crushed grapes, on coils
 Of limber ivy delicate of leaf,
 Blent with the thyrsus, the empurpled bowl,
 And copious tresses' prodigality.
 The deadly beauty of the leopardess
 Lay slumbering there,—blunt head and dainty paw
 Entangled in the wreaths, and, carried long
 In frenzy, the loosed serpent stole away.
 And Bacchus raised his hand as if to grasp
 His ivy crown, and hurl it 'mid the troop,
 When lo! his hand met poppies, and his lips
 Imbreathed a fume more odorous than the sweet
 Of saturated wine-jars long immured
 And fresh unsealed. Swimming, his eyeball thrice
 Circuited the moist oval of his eye,
 Then sank, and his drowsed hand dismissed the cup.
 And, as a poured libation bubbles, creams,
 Then melts into the sod, so were his limbs
 Convulsed, composed; and as the wavering fall
 Of a shed roseleaf on a windless noon,
 Such was his mild declension to the earth.
 There undulant yet moveless, low he lay,
 The youngest and the loveliest of the gods.
 And then a cloud eclipsed Cithaeron's snow,
 And issuing thunder boomed, big with the bland
 And sovran laughter of supremest Zeus.

R. GARNETT.

CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a Tuesday evening when Cradock Nowell and Amy Rosedew signed and sealed, with the moon's approval, their bond to one another. On the following day, Dr. Hutton and wife were to dine at Kettledrum Hall; and the distance being considerable, and the roads so shockingly bad,—“even dangerous, I am told, to gentlemen who have dined *with me*, sir,” said Kettledrum, in his proudest manner,—they had accepted his offer, and that of Mrs. Kettledrum, which she herself came over to make, that they should not think of returning until after breakfast on Thursday. In consequence of her hus-

band's hints, Rosa felt the keenest interest in “that Mrs. Kettledrum. Leave her to me, dear Rufus. You need not be afraid, indeed. Trust me to get to the bottom of it.” And so she exerted her probing skill upon her to the uttermost, more even than ladies usually do, when they first meet one another. Of course, there was no appearance of it, nothing so ill-bred as that; it was all the sweetest refinement, and the kindest neighbourly interest. They even became affectionate in the course of half-an-hour, and mutual confidence proved how strangely their tastes were in unison. Nevertheless, each said good-bye with a firm conviction that she had outwitted the other. “Poor thing, she was so

stupid. What a bungler, to be sure! And to think I could not see through her!"

But the return-match between these ladies, which was to have come off at Kettledrum Hall—where, by-the-by, there appeared a far greater performer than either of them—this interesting display of skill was deferred for the present; inasmuch as Rosa was taken ill during the mysteries of her toilet. It was nothing more serious, however, than the "flying spasms," as she always called them, to which she had long been subject and which (as she often told her husband) induced her to marry a doctor.

Rufus administered essence of peppermint, and then a dose of magnesia; but he would not hear of her coming with him, and he wanted to stop at home with her, and see that she sat by the fire. She in turn would have her way, and insisted that Rue should go, "for he had made himself such a very smart boy, that she was really quite proud of him, and they would all be so disappointed, and he was taller than Mr. Kettledrum, she felt quite sure he was." The bearing of that last argument I do not quite perceive, but dare not say that she erred therein, and to Rue it was quite conclusive. So Ralph Mohorn was sent for, the pony-carriage countermanded, and Rufus set forth upon Polly, whose oats were now restricted.

Kettledrum Hall stood forth on a rise, and made the very most of itself. Expansive, and free, and obtrusively honest, it seemed to strike itself on the breast (as its master did) with both gables. A parochial assessment committee, or a surveyor for the property-tax, would have stuck on something considerable, if they had only seen the outside of it. Look at the balustrade that went (for it was too heavy to run) all along the front of it, over the basement windows. No stucco, either; but stone, genuine stone, that bellied out like a row of Roman amphore, or the calves of a first-rate footman. After that, to see the portico, "*decempedis metata*," which "*excipiebat Eurum*"—not Arcton in this climate. No wonder—although it was rotten in-

side, and the whole of it mortgaged ten fathom deep—that Bailey Kettledrum hit his breast, and said, "Our little home, sir!"

"Your great home, you mean," said Rufus; "what a noble situation! You can see all over the county."

They had come to meet him down the hill, in the kindest country fashion, Mr. and Mrs. Kettledrum, like Jack and Jill going for water.

"Not quite that," replied Kettledrum; "but we saw you with my binocular, between two and three miles off, and became so anxious about Mrs. Hutton, that I said to my wife, 'Put your bonnet on;' and she only said, 'Bailey, put your hat on;' nothing more, sir, I assure you; nothing more, sir, upon my honour."

Rufus could not see exactly why there should have been anything more, but he could not help thanking them for their kindness, and saying to himself, "What nice people! Quite an agricultural life, I see, in spite of that grand mansion."

"Now," said Mr. Kettledrum, when Polly had been committed to one of the stable-boys,—but Rufus still wanted to look at her, for he never grew tired of admiring anything that belonged to him, and he knew they wouldn't do her legs right—"now, Dr. Hutton, you have come most kindly, according to your promise, so as to give us an hour or two to spare before the dinner-time. Shall we take a turn with the guns? I can put my hand on a covey; or shall we walk round the garden, and have the benefit of your advice?"

Rufus looked in dismay at his "choice black kerseymeres;" he had taken his "*antigropelos*" off, and was proud to find not a flake on them. But to think of going out shooting! He ought not to have dressed before he left home, but he hated many skinings. And he could only guess the distance from the lodge to this place. So he voted very decidedly for a walk in the kitchen-garden.

Into this he was solemnly instituted, and the beauties all pointed out to him. What a scene of weeds and rubbish! How different from Bull Garnet's dainty

and trim quarters, or from his own new style of work at Geopharmacy Lodge! Rotten beansticks crackling about, the scum of last summer's cabbages, toad-stools cropping up like warts or arums rubbed with caustic, a fine smell of potato-disease, and a general sense of mildew; the wall-trees curled and frizzled up with aphis, coccus, and honeydew; and the standards scraggy, and full of stubs, canker, and American blight, sprawling, slouching, hump-backed, and stag-headed, like the sick ward of a workhouse fighting with tattered umbrellas.

"Ah," said Rufus, at his wit's end for anything to praise; "what a perfect paradise—for the songsters of the grove."

"Oh," replied Mr. Kettledrum, "you should hear the Dook admire it. 'Kettledrum, my boy,' he said, when he dined with me last Friday, 'there is one thing I do envy you—no, sir, neither your most lady-like wife, nor yet your clever children, although I admit that neither of them can be paralleled in England—but, Kettledrum, it is—forgive me—it is your kitchen-garden.' 'My kitchen-garden, your grace,' I replied, for I hate to brag of anything, 'it is a poor thing, my lord Dook, compared to your own at Lionshill.' 'May I be d—d,' his grace replied, for I never shall break him of swearing, 'if I ever saw anything like it, dear Kettledrum, and so I told the Duchess.' And after all, you know, Dr. Hutton, a man may think too little of what it has pleased God to give him."

"Well," said Rufus to himself, "I'm blessed if *you* do. But I don't like you any the worse for a bit of brag. I have met great brags in India, and most of them honest fellows. But I must peg him down a bit. I must, I fear; it is my duty as an enlightened gardener."

"But you see, now," said Bailey Kettledrum, smacking his lips, and gazing into profundity, "you see, my dear sir, there is nothing 'ab omni parte beatum'; perhaps you remember the passage in the heroic epistles of—ah, Cicero it was, I believe, who wrote all those epistles to somebody."

"No doubt of it," said Rufus Hutton, who knew more of Hindustani than of Latin and Greek combined; "and yet St. Paul wrote some."

"Not in Latin, my dear sir; all St. Paul's were Greek. 'Nihil est, I now remember, 'ab omni parte beatum.' I don't know how it scans, which I suppose it ought to do, but that isn't my look out. Perhaps, however, you can tell me?"

"I'm blowed if I can," said Rufus Hutton, in the honesty of his mind; "and I am not quite sure that it has any right to scan."

"Well, I can't say; but I *think* it ought,"—he was in the mists of memory, where most of the trees have sensitive roots, though the branches are not distinguishable. "However, that can't matter at all; I see you are a classical scholar. And, Hutton, I like a classical scholar, because he can understand me. But you see that these trees are rather—ah, what is the expression for it—?"

"Cankered, and scabby, and scrubs." "That is to say—yes, I suppose, they would crop the better, if that be possible, for a little root-pruning."

"You have gathered the fruit for this year, I presume?"

"Well, no, not quite that. The children have had some, of course. But we are very particular not to store too early."

"I really don't think you need be."

"Why, many people say, 'let well alone'; but my gardener talks of making—"

"A jolly good bonfire of them, if he knows anything of his business. Then drain the ground, trench, and plant new ones."

Mr. Kettledrum looked quite thunder-struck; he caught hold of a tree to help him, and a great cake of rotten bark, bearded with moss, came away like the mask of a mummer. It was slimy on the under side, and two of his fingers went through it.

"Nice state of things," said Rufus, laughing. "I suppose the Dook likes lepers?"

"Why, my dear sir, you don't mean to say—"

"That I would leave only one of them, and I would hang the head-gardener upon it."

That worthy was just coming round the corner, to obtain the applause of a gentleman well known to the "*Gardener's Chronicle*;" but now he turned round abruptly, scratched his head, and thought of his family.

When Rufus came down and entered the drawing-room, he was perfectly gorgeous; for although he had been in full dress for the main, he knew better than to ride with his Alumbaggah waistcoat on. There was nothing in all the three presidencies to come up to that waistcoat. It would hold Dr. Hutton and Rosa too, for they had stood back to back and tried it. And Rufus vainly sighed for the day when his front should come out and exhaust it. He stole it, they say, from a petty rajah, who came to a great durbar with it, worn like an Oxford hood. At any rate, there it was, and the back of Cashmere stuff would fit either baby or giant. But the front, the front—oh, bangles and jiminy! it is miles beyond me to describe it.

All simple writers, from Job and Hesiod downwards, convey an impression of some grand marvel, not by direct description of it, which would be feeble and achromatic, but by the rebound, recoil, and redouble, from the judgment of some eye-witness. If that eye-witness be self-possessed, wide-awake, experienced, and undemonstrative, the effect upon the reader's mind is as of a shell which has struck the granite, burst there, and scattered back on him. So will I, mistrusting the value of my own impressions, give a faint idea of Rufus his waistcoat, by the effect of it on that assembly.

The host was away for the moment somewhere, perhaps blowing up the butler, for his wife was telling her sister how nervous and even fidgety her beloved Bailey was growing; but Mr. Corklemore was there, and came forth to salute the great Rufus, when his heavy eyes settled upon the waistcoat,

and all his emotions exploded in a "haw" of incredulous wonder. Mrs. Kettledrum rose at the same instant, and introduced her sister.

"My sister, Dr. Hutton, whom I have so earnestly longed to make acquainted with dear Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Nowell Corklemore; Mr. Corklemore, I know, has had the pleasure of meeting you. Georgie, dear, you will like her so—oh, goodness gracious me!"

"I don't wonder you are surprised at me, Anna," exclaimed Mrs. Corklemore, with wonderful presence of mind. "How stupid I am to be sure! Oh, Nowell, why didn't you tell me? How shameful of you! But you never look at me now, I think." And she swept from the room in the cleverest manner, as if something wrong in her own dress had caused her sister's ejaculation. "Excuse me one moment," said Mrs. Kettledrum, taking her cue very aptly; and she ran out as if to aid her sister, but in reality to laugh herself into hysterics.

After all there was nothing absurd, *per se*, in Rufus Hutton's waistcoat; only it is not the fashion, just at present, to wear pictorial raiment; but the worthy doctor could not perceive any reason why it should not be. He was pleased with the prospect of creating a genuine sensation, and possibly leading the mode; and having lost all chance of realising these modest hopes at Nowelhurst, why, he must content himself with a narrower stage for his triumphs. He had smuggled it from home, however, without his wife's permission: he had often threatened her with its appearance, but she always thought he was joking. And truly it required some strength of mind to present it to modern society, although it was a work of considerable art, and no little value.

The material of it was Indian silk of the very richest quality. It had no buttons, but golden eyelets and tags of golden cowries. The background of the whole was yellow, the foreground of a brilliant green, portraying the plants of the jungle. On the left bosom leaped and roared an enormous royal tiger, with two splendid jewels, called "cat's-eyes,"

flashing, and a pearl for every fang. Upon the right side a hulking elephant was turning tail ignominiously; while two officers in the howdah poked their guns at the eyes of the tiger. The eyes of the officers in their terror had turned to brilliant emeralds, and the blood of the tramping elephant was represented by seed rubies. The mahout was cutting away in the distance, looking back with eyes of diamonds.

Upon my word, it required uncommonly fine breeding, especially in a lady, to meet that waistcoat at a dinner-party, and be entirely unconscious of it. And I doubt if there are many women in England who would not contrive to lead up to the subject, quite accidentally, of course, before the evening was over.

The ladies came back as grave as judges; and somehow it was managed (as if by the merest oversight) that Dr. Hutton should lead to dinner, not the lady of the house, whom of course he ought to have taken, but Mrs. Nowell Corklemore. He felt, as he crossed the hall with her, that the beauty of his waistcoat had raised some artistic emotion in a bosom as beautiful as its own. Oh, Rufus, think of Rosa!

Let none be alarmed at those ominous words. The tale of Cradock Nowell's life shall be pure as that life itself was. The historian may be rough, and blunt, and sometimes too intense, in the opinion of those who look at life from a different point of view. But be that as it will, his other defects (I trust and pray) will chiefly be deficiencies. We will have no poetical seduction, no fascinating adultery, condemned and yet reprieved by the writer, and infectious from his sympathy. Georgiana Corklemore was an uncommonly clever woman, and was never known to go far enough to involve her reputation. She loved her child, and liked her husband, and had all the respect for herself which may abide with vanity. Nevertheless she flirted awfully, and all married women hated her. "Bold thing," they called her, "sly good-for-nothing; and did you see how she ogled? Well, if I only carried on so!

Oh, if I were only her husband! But, poor man, he knows no better. Such a poor dear stick, you know. Perhaps that is what makes her do it. And nothing in her at all, when you come to think of it. No taste, no style, no elegance! When *will* she put her back hair up? And her child fit to put into long-clothes! Did you observe her odious way of putting her lips up, as if to be kissed? My dear, I don't know how *you* felt; but I could scarcely stay in the room with her."

Nevertheless the ladies did stay, and took good care to watch her, and used to say to her afterwards, "Oh, if I were only like you, dear! Then I need not be afraid of you; but you are—now don't tell stories—*so* clever and *so* attractive. As if you did not know it, dear! Well, you *are* so simple-minded. I am always telling my Looey, and Maggie, to take you for their model, dear."

On the present occasion, "Georgie Corklemore," as she called herself, set about flirting with Rufus Hutton, not from her usual love of power, nor even for the sake of his waistcoat, but because she had an especial purpose, and a very important one. The Kettledrum-cum-Corklemore conspiracy was this,—to creep in once more at Nowelhurst Hall through the interest of Dr. Hutton. They all felt perfectly certain that Cradock Nowell had murdered his brother, and that the crime had been hushed up through the influence of the family. They believed that the head of that family, in his passionate sorrow and anger, might be brought to their view of the subject, if he could only be handled properly; and who could manage that more adroitly than his first cousin once removed, the beautiful Mrs. Corklemore? Only let her get once invited, once inducted there, and the main difficulty after that would be to apportion the prey between them. They knew well enough that the old entail expired with the present baronet; and that he (before his marriage) held in fee pure and simple all that noble property. His marriage-settlement, and its effects, they

could only inkle of; but their heart was inditing of a good matter, and Mr. Choep would soon pump Brockwood. Not quite so fast, my Amphictyonics; a solicitor thirty years admitted (though his original craft may not be equal) is not to be sucked dry, on the surprise, even by spongy young Choep. However, that was a question for later consideration; and blood being thicker than water, and cleaving more fast to the ground, they felt that it would be a frightful injustice if they were done out of the property.

Only two things need be added; one that Sir Cradock had always disliked, and invited them but for appearance' sake; the other, that they fairly believed in the righteousness of their cause, and that Rufus Hutton could prove it for them, as the principal witness tampered with.

Mrs. Corklemore was now, perhaps, twenty-five years old, possibly turning thirty; for that lustrum of a lady's life is a hard one to beat the bounds of; at any rate, she had never looked better than she did at the present moment. She was just at the age to spread open, with the memory of shyness upon them (like the dew when the sun is up), the curving petals of beauty. Who understands the magnetic current? who can analyse ozone? is there one of us able to formularize the polarity of light? Will there ever be an age when chemists metaphysical will weigh—no more by troy weight, and carat, as now the mode is, but by subtle heart-gas—our liking for a woman? No, I hope there never will be.

That soft Georgiana Corklemore, so lively, lovely, and gushing, focussed all her fascinations upon Rufus Hutton. She knew that she had to deal with a man of much inborn acuteness, and who must have seen a hundred ladies quite as fair as Georgie. But had he seen one with her—well, she knew not what to call it, though she thoroughly knew how to use it? So she magnetised him with all her skill; and Rufus, shrewdly suspecting her object, and confiding in a certain triarian charge, a certain thrust

Jarnacian, which he would deliver at the proper moment, allowed her to smile, and to show her white teeth and dimples of volatile velvet (so natural, so inevitable, at his playful, delightful humour) and to loose whole quiverfuls of light shafts from the arch flash under her eyelids. What sweet simplicity she was, what innocent desire to learn, what universal charity. "How dreadful, Dr. Hutton! Oh, please not to tell me of it! How could any ladies do it? I should have fainted at once, and died half an hour afterwards." She turned up her large mild eyes, deeply beaming with centralized light, in a way that said, "If I died, is there any one who would think it a very, very great pity?"

Rufus had been describing historically, not dramatically, the trials of the ladies, when following their regiment during a sudden movement in the perils of the mutiny. With a man's far stiffer identity, he did not expect or even imagine that his delicate listener would be there, and go through every hour of it. But so it was, and without any sham, although she was misusing her strange sympathetic power. Mrs. Nowell Corklemore would have made a very great actress; she had so much self-abandonment, such warm introjection, and hot indignant sympathy; and yet enough of self-reservation to hoop them all in with judgment. Meanwhile Mrs. Kettledrum, a lady of ordinary sharpness, like a good pudding-apple—Georgie being a peach of the very finest quality—she, I say, at the top of the table was watching them very intently—delighted, amused, indignant; glad that none of her children were there to store up Auntie's doings. As for Mr. Corklemore, he was quite accustomed to it; and looking down complacently upon the little doctor, thought to himself, "How beautifully my Georgie will cold-shoulder him, when we have got all we want out of the conceited chattering jackanapes."

When the ladies were gone, Mr. Bailey Kettledrum, who had no idea of playing dummy even to Mrs. Corklemore, made a trick or two from his own hand.

"Corklemore, my dear fellow, you think we are all tea-totallers. On with the port, if you please, 'cessantem Bibuli Consulis amphoram,' never shall forget that line. The bibulous consul, eh! Capital idea. Corklemore, you can construe that?"

"Haw! Perhaps I can't. Really don't know; they beat a heap of stuff into me when I was a very small boy; and it was like whipping—ha, haw, something like whipping—"

"Eggs," said Rufus Hutton, "all came to bubbles, eh?"

"Not at all, sir, not at all; you entirely misunderstand me. I mean that it was similar to—to the result produced by the whipping of a top."

"Only made your head go round," said Mr. Kettledrum, winking at Rufus; and thenceforth had established a community of interest in the baiting of "long Corklemore." "Well, at any rate," he continued, "Hutton is a scholar—excuse my freedom, my dear sir; we are such rustics here, that I seldom come across a man who appreciates my quotations. You are a great acquisition, sir, the very greatest, to this neighbourhood. How can we have let you remain so long without unearthing you?"

"Because," said Rufus to himself, "you did not happen to want me; when are you going to offer to introduce me to 'the Dook!'"

"And now, gentlemen," continued Mr. Kettledrum, rising, swelling his chest out, and thumping it athletically, "it is possible that I may be wrong; I have never been deaf to conviction; but if I am wrong, gentlemen, the fault is in yourselves. Mark me now, I am ready, such is the force of truth, I am ready here at my own board (humble as it is) once for all to admit that the fault is in yourselves. But the utterance I swell with, the great fault that is within me, is strife—no, I beg your pardon—is—is—rife and strongly inditing of a certain lady, who is an honour to her sex. I rise to the occasion, friends; I say an honour to her sex, and a blessing to the other one. Gentlemen, no peroration of mine is equal in any way to the great-

ness of the occasion; could I say, with Cicero, 'Veni, vidi, vici,' where would be my self-approval? I mean—you understand me. It is the privilege of a man in this blessed country, the first gem of the ocean—no, I don't mean that; it applies, I believe, to Scotland, and the immortal Burns—but this, sir, I will say, and challenge contradiction, a Briton, sir, a Briton, never, never, never will be free! And now, sir, in conclusion, is there one of you, let me ask, who will not charge his eyes, gentlemen, and let his glass run over—"

"Haw," cried Mr. Corklemore, "charge his glass, come, Kettledrum, and let his eyes run over—haw—I think that is the way we read it, Dr. Hutton."

"Gentlemen, I sit down; finding it impossible to obtain an adequate hearing, I close my poor attempt at cleansing my bosom of the perilous stuff, sir—you know the rest—the health of Mrs. Hutton, that most remarkable children—excuse me, most remarkable woman, whose children, I am quite convinced, will be an honour to their age and sex. Port of '51, gentlemen; a finer vintage than '47."

He had told them it was '34, but both knew better; and now "in vino veritas."

At last Mr. Bailey Kettledrum had hit the weak point of Rufus, and, what was more, he perceived it. Himself you might butter and soap for a month, and he would take it at all its value; but magnify his Rosa, exalt the name of his Rosa, and you had him at discretion.

"Remarkable, sir," he inquired, with a twinkle of fruity port stealing out from his keen little eyes, "you really do injustice; so many ladies are remarkable—"

"Haw, well I never heard—"

"Confound you, Corklemore," said Kettledrum to him aside, "can you never hold your tongue? Sir—to Rufus—"I beg your pardon, if I said 'remarkable;' I meant to say, sir, 'most remarkable!' The most remarkable lady"—this to Corklemore, in confidence—"I have ever been privileged to meet. 'What children,' I said to my wife,

but yesterday, 'what children they will be blest with!' Oh, he's a lucky dog. The luckiest dog in the world, my boy."

However, they were not so very far from the sloping shores of sobriety when they rejoined the ladies, and made much of the small Misses Kettledrum, tidy children, rather pretty, and all of the pink ribbon pattern. After some melting melodies from soft Georgie's lips and fingers, Mrs. Kettledrum said,

"Oh, Dr. Hutton, do you ever play chess? We are such players here; all except my poor self; I am a great deal too stupid."

"I used to play a little when I was in India. We are obliged to play all sorts of games in India." Dr. Hutton piqued himself not a little on his skill in the one true game. At a sign from their mother, the small Kettledrums rushed for the board most zealously, and knocked their soft heads together. Mrs. Corklemore was declared by all to be the only antagonist worthy of an Indian player, and she sat down most gracefully, protesting against her presumption. "Just to take a lesson, you know; only to take a lesson, dear. Oh, please, don't let any one look at me." Rufus, however, soon perceived that he had found his match, if not his superior, in the sweet impulsive artless creature, who threw away the game so neatly when she was quite sure of it.

"Oh, poor me! Now, I do declare—Isn't it most heart-breaking? I am such a foolish thing. Oh, can you be so cruel?"

Thrilling eyes of the richest hazel trembled with dewy radiance, as Rufus coolly marched off the queen, and planted his knight instead of her.

"Mrs. Corklemore, can I relent? You are far too good a player." The loveliest eyes, the most snowy surge, in the "mare magnum" of ladies, would never have made that dry Rue Hutton, well content with his Rosa, give away so much as the right to capture a pawn in passing.

Now observe the contrariety, the want of pure reason (*λόγος ἀπλούς*), the confusion of *ἀρχή*—I am sorry and

ashamed, but I can't express these things in English, for the language is rich in emotion, but a pauper in philosophy—the distress upon the premises of the cleverest woman's mind. She had purposely thrown her queen in his way; but she never forgave him for taking it.

A glance shot from those soft bright eyes, when Rufus could not see them, as if the gentle evening-star, Venus herself, all tremulous, rushed, like a meteor, up the heavens, and came hissing down on our violet bed.

She took good care to win the next game, for policy allowed it; and then, of course, it was too late to try the decisive contest.

"Early hours. Liberty Hall, Liberty Hall at Kettledrum! Gentlemen stay up, and smoke if they like. But early hours, sir, for the ladies. We value their complexions. They don't. That I know. Do you now, my dearest? No, of course you don't." This was Mr. Kettledrum.

"Except for your sake, darling," said Mrs. Kettledrum, curtsying, for the children were all gone to bed long ago, and she might venture on *ἀπεισιβία*.

"Well," said Georgie, coming forward, because she knew her figure would look well with three lamps upon it; such a figure of eight! "my opinion is never worth having, I know, because I feel so much; but I pronounce—" here she stood up like Portia, with a very low-necked dress on—"gentlemen, and ladies, I pronounce that one is quite as bad as the other."

"Haw!" said Nowell Corklemore. And so they went to bed. And Rufus Hutton wondered whether they ever had family prayers.

When all the rest were at breakfast, in came Mrs. Corklemore, looking as fresh as daybreak.

"Oh, I am so ashamed of myself. What a sluggard you will think me! What is it in the divine song of that great divine, Dr. Watts? Nowell, dear, you must not scold me. I cannot bear being scolded, because I never have tit for tat. Good morning, dearest Anna;

how is your headache, darling? Oh, Dr. Hutton, I forgot! No wonder I overlooked you. I shall never think much of you again, because I beat you at chess so."

"Game and game," said Rufus, solemnly, "and I ought to have won that last one, Mrs. Corklemore; you know I ought."

"To be sure, to be sure. Oh, of course I do. But—a little thing perverted him—his antagonist was too good, sir. Ah, we'll play the conqueror some day; and then the tug of war comes. Oh, Anna, I am so conceited! To think of my beating Dr. Hutton, the best player in all India."

"Well, darling, we know all that. And we must not blame you therefore for lying in bed till ten o'clock."

"Oh," said Rufus, with a groan, "do look at ladies' logic! Mrs. Corklemore gained one game out of two—only because I was—ah-hem, I mean by her very fine play—and now she claims absolute victory; and Mrs. Kettledrum accepts it as a premise for a negative conclusion, which has nothing on earth to do with it."

But Rufus got the worst of that protest. He tilted too hard at the quintain. All came down upon him at once, till he longed for a cigar. Then Mrs. Corklemore sympathized with him, arose, their breakfast being over, and made him a pretty curtsy. She was very proud of her curtsies; she contrived to show her shape so.

"Confound that woman," thought Rufus, "I can never tell when she is acting. I never met her like in India. And thank God for that same."

She saw that her most bewitching curtsy was entirely thrown away upon him; for he was thinking of his Rosa, and looking out for the good mare, Polly.

"Dr. Hutton, I thank you for your condescension, in giving me that lesson. You let me win that last game out of pure good nature. I shall always appreciate it. Meanwhile I shall say to every one—'Oh, do you know, Dr. Hutton and I play even?' taking very good

care meanwhile never to play again with you. Shocking morality! Yes, very shocking. But then I know no better, do I, Nowell, dear?"

"Haw! Well, Georgie, I am not so sure of that. My wife is absolute nature, sir, simple, absolute—haw—unartificial nature. But unartificial nature is, in my opinion—haw—yes, a very wise nature, sometimes."

"Haw!" said his wife, exactly like him, while everybody laughed. Then she stood upon tiptoe to kiss him, she was so unartificial, even before the company. All the pretty airs and graces of a fair Parisian, combined with all the domestic snugness of an English wife! What a fine thing it is to have a yoke-mate with a playful, charming manner!

"Good-bye, Dr. Hutton. We are on the wing, as you are. I fear you will never forgive me for tarnishing your laurels so."

Tarnishing laurels! What wonderful fellow so ingeniously mixed metaphors?

"Now or never," thought Rufus Hutton; "she has beaten me at chess, she thinks. Now, I'll have the change out of her. Only let her lead up to it."

"Mrs. Corklemore, we will fight it out, upon some future occasion. I never played with a lady so very hard to beat."

"Ah, you mean at Nowellhurst. But we never go there now. There is—I ought to say, very likely, there are mistakes on both sides—still there seems to exist some *prejudice* against us.—Anna, dear, you put a lump of sugar too much in my tea. I am already too saccharine."

"Well, dear, I put exactly what you always tell me. And you sent your cup for more afterwards."

"Matter of fact animal—how can she be my sister?" Georgie only muttered this. Rufus Hutton did not catch it. Mr. Garnet would have done so.

"Now is the time," thought Rufus again, as she came up to shake hands with him, not a bit afraid of the morning sun upon her smooth rich cheeks, where the colour was not laid on in

spots, but seemed to breathe up from below, like a lamp under water. Outside he saw pet Polly scraping great holes in the gravel, and the groom throwing all his weight on the curb to prevent her from bolting homewards. "Hang it, she won't stand that," he cried, "her mouth is like a sea-anemone. Take her by the snaffle-rein. Can't you see, you fool, that she hasn't seven coats to her mouth, like you? Excuse my opening the window," he apologised to Mrs. Corklemore, "and excuse my speaking harshly, for if I had not stopped him, he would have thrown my horse down, and I value my Polly enormously."

"Especially after her behaviour the other night in the forest. It is the same with all you gentlemen; the worse you are treated, the more grateful you are. Oh, yes, we heard of it; but we won't tell Mrs. Hutton."

"No, indeed, I hope you won't. I should be very sorry for her to get even a hint of it."

"To be sure," laughed Georgie, "to be sure we will keep the secret, for ever so many reasons; one of them being that Dr. Hutton would be obliged to part with Miss Polly, if her mistress knew of her conduct. But I must not be so rude. I see you want to be off quite as much as fair Polly does. Ah, what a thing it is to have a happy home!"

Here Mrs. Corklemore sighed very deeply. If a woman who always has her own way, and a woman who is always scheming, can be happy, she, Georgie, must be so; but she wanted to stir compassion.

"Come," she said, after turning away, for she had such a jacket on—the most bewitching thing; it was drawn in tight at her round little waist, and seemed made like a horse's body-clothes, on purpose for her to trot out in,—“come, Dr. Hutton, say good-bye, and forgive me for beating you.” Simple creature, of course she knew not the “sacra fames” of chess-players.

“We must have our return-match. I won't say ‘good-bye,’ until you have

promised me that. Shall it be at my house?”

“No. There is only one place in the world where I would dare to attack you again, and that is Nowelhurst Hall.”

“And why there, more than anywhere else?”

“Because there is a set of men there, with which I can beat anybody. I believe I could beat Morphy, with those men at Nowelhurst. Ah! you think me, I see, grossly and stupidly superstitious. Well, perhaps I am. I do sympathise so with everything.”

“I hope we may meet at Nowelhurst,” replied Rufus, preparing his blow of Jarnac, “when they have recovered a little from their sad distress.”

“Ah, poor Sir Cradock!” exclaimed the lady, with her expressive eyes tear-laden, “how I have longed to comfort him! It does seem so hard that he should renounce the sympathy of his relatives at such a time as this. And all through some little wretched dissensions in the days when he misunderstood us! Of course we know that you cannot do it; that you, a comparative stranger, cannot have sufficient influence where the dearest friends have failed. My husband, too, in his honest pride, is very, very obstinate, and my sister quite as bad. They fear, I suppose,—well, it does seem ridiculous, but you know what vulgar people say in a case of that sort—they actually fear the imputation of being fortune-hunters!” Georgie looked so arrogant in her stern consciousness of right, that Rufus said, and for the moment meant it, “How absurd, to be sure!”

“Yes,” said Georgie, confidentially, and in the sweetest of all sweet voices, “between you and me, Dr. Hutton, for I speak to you quite as to an old friend of the family, whom you have known so long”—“Holloa,” thought Rufus, “in the last breath I was a ‘comparative stranger!’”—“I think it below our dignity to care for such an absurdity; and that now, as good Christians, we are bound to sink all petty enmities, and comfort the poor bereaved one. If you can contribute in any way to this

act of Christian charity, may I rely upon your good word? But for the world, don't tell my husband; he would be so angry at the mere idea."

"I will do my best, Mrs. Corklemore; you may rely upon that."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! I felt quite sure that you had a generous heart. I should have been so disappointed; perhaps, after all, we shall play our next game of chess at Christmas with the men I am so lucky with. And then, look to yourself, Dr. Hutton."

"I trust you will find a player there who can give me a pawn and two moves. If you beat him, you may boast indeed."

"What player do you mean," asked Georgie, feeling rather less triumphant. "Any Indian friend of yours?"

"Yes, one for whom I have the very greatest regard. For whose sake, indeed, I first renewed my acquaintance with Sir Cradock, because I bore a message to him; for the Colonel is a bad correspondent."

"The Colonel! I don't understand you." Oh, Mrs. Corklemore, how your eyes, those expressive eyes, were changing! And your lovely jacket, so smart and well-cut, began to "draw" over the chest.

"Did you not know," asked Rufus, watching her in a way that made her hate him worse than when he took her queen, "is it possible that you have not heard, that Colonel Nowell, Clayton Nowell, Sir Cradock's only brother, is coming home this month, and brings his darling child with him?" Now for your acting, Georgie: now for your self-command. We shall admire, henceforth, or laugh at you, according to your present conduct.

She was equal to the emergency. She commanded her eyes, and her lips, and bosom, after that one expansion, even her nerves, to the utmost fibre—everything but her colour. The greatest actor ever seen, when called on to act in real life, can never command colour if the skin has proper spiracles. The springs of our hearts will come up and go down, as God orders the human weather. But she turned away, with

that lily-whiteness, because she knew she had it, and rushed up enthusiastically to her sister at the end of the room.

"Dear Anna, darling Anna, oh, I am so delighted! We have been so wretched about poor Sir Cradock. And now his brother is coming to mind him, with such delightful children! We thought he was dead, oh, so many years! What a gracious Providence!"

"Haw!" said Nowell Corklemore.

"The devil!" said Bailey Kettle-drum, and Rufus caught the re-echo, but hoped it might be a mistake.

Then they all came forward, gushing, rushing, rapturous to embrace him.

"Oh, Dr. Hutton, surely this is too good news to be true!"

"I think not," said Rufus Hutton, mystical and projecting, "I really trust it is not. But I thought you must have heard it, from your close affinity, otherwise I should have told you the moment I came in,"—what a fearful cracker, Rufus!—"but now I hope this new arrival will heal over all, fill up I mean, all family misunderstandings."

"Colonel Clayton Nowell," said Mr. Nowell Corklemore, conclusively, and with emphasis, "Colonel Clayton Nowell was shot dead outside the barracks at Mhow, on the 25th day of June, sir, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. Correct me, sir, if I am wrong."

"Then," said Rufus, "I venture to correct you at once."

"Shot, sir," continued Corklemore, "as I am, I may say—haw,—in a position to prove, by a man called Abdoollah Manjee, believed to be a Mussulman. Colonel Clayton Nowell, sir, commanding officer in command of Her Majesty's Company's native regiment, No One hundred and sixty-three, who was called,—excuse me, sir, designated, the 'father of his regiment,' because he had so many illegitimate—haw, I beg your pardon, ladies—because of his—ha, yes,—patriarchal manners, sir, and kindly disposition,—he—haw, where was I?"

"I am sure I can't say," said Rufus.

"No, sir, my memory is more tenacious than that of any man I meet with. He,

Colonel Clayton Nowell, sir, upon that fatal morning, was remonstrated with by the two—ah, yes, the two executors of his will—upon his rashness in riding forth to face those carnal, I mean to say, those incarnate devils, sir. ‘Are you fools enough,’ he replied, ‘to think that my fellows would hurt me? Give me a riding-whip, and be ready with plasters, for I shall thrash them before I let them come back.’ Now isn’t every word of that true?”

“Yes, almost every word of it,” replied Rufus, now growing excited.

“Well, sir, he took his favourite half-bred—for he understood cross-breeding thoroughly—and he rode out at the side-gate, where the heap of sand was; ‘Coming back,’ he cried to the English sentry, ‘coming back in half-an-hour, with all my scamps along of me. Keep the coppers ready.’ And with that he spurred his brown and black mare; and no man saw him alive thereafter, except the fellows who shot him. Haw!”

“Yes,” said Rufus Hutton, “one man saw him alive, after they shot him in the throat; and one man saved his life; and he is the man before you.”

“What you, Dr. Hutton! What you! Oh, how grateful we ought to be to you.”

“Thank you. Well, I don’t quite see that,” Rufus replied most drily. Then he corrected himself: “You know I only did my duty.”

“And his son?” inquired Georgie, timidly and with sympathy, but the greatest presence of mind. She had stood with her hands clasped, and every emotion (except the impossible one of selfishness) quivering on her sweet countenance; and now she was so glad, oh, so glad, she could never tell you. “His poor illegitimate son, Dr. Hutton? Will he bring the poor child home with him? How glad we shall be to receive him!”

“The child he brings with him is Eoa, dear natural odd Eoa, his legitimate daughter.”

“Then you know her, Dr. Hutton; you could depose to her identity?” A very odd question; but some women have almost the gift of prophecy.

“Oh, yes! I should rather think so. I’ve known her since she was ten years old.”

“And now they are coming home. How pleasant! How sweet to receive them, as it were from the dead! By the overland route, I suppose, and with a lac of rupees.”

“No,” said the badgered Rufus, “you are wrong in both conjectures. They come round the Cape, by the clipper-ship *Alival*; and with very few rupees. Colonel Nowell has always been extravagant, a wonderfully fine-hearted man, but a hand that could never hold anything—except, indeed, a friend’s.”

By the moisture in Rue Hutton’s eyes, Georgie saw that her interests would fare ill with him, if brought into competition with those of Colonel Nowell. Meanwhile Polly was raving wild, and it took two grooms to hold her, and the white froth dribbling down her curb was to Rufus Hutton as the foam of the sea to a sailor. He did love a tearing gallop, only not through the thick of the forest.

“Good-bye, good-bye. I shall see you soon. Thank you, I will take a cheroot. But I only smoke my own. Good-bye. I am so much obliged to you. You have been so very kind. Mrs. Hutton will be miserable until you come over to us. Good-bye; once more, good-bye.”

Rufus Hutton, you see, was a man of the world, and could be false “on occasion.” John Rosedew could never have made that speech, on the back of detected falsehood. Away went Polly, like a gale of wind; and Rufus (who was no rogue by nature, only by the force of circumstances, and then could never keep to it), he going along twenty miles an hour, set his teeth to the breeze, which came down the funnel of his cigar as down a steam chimney, stuck his calves well into Polly’s sides, and felt himself a happy man, going at a rocket’s speed, to a home of happiness. All of us who have a home (and unless we leave our heart there, whenever we go away, we have no home at all), all of us who have a hole in this shifting

sandy world—the sand as of an hour-glass—but whence we have spun such a rope as the devil can neither make nor break—I mean to say, we, all who love, without any hems, and haws, and rubbish, those who are only our future tense (formed from the present by adding “so”)—all of us who are lucky enough, I believe we may say *good enough*, to want no temporal augment from the prefix of society, only to cling upon the tree to the second aorist of our children, wherein the root of the man lurks, the grand indefinite so anomalous; all these fellows, I say and think, hoping myself to be one of them, will be glad to hear that Rufus Hutton had a jolly ride.

Rosa waited at the gate; why do his mare’s shoes linger? Rosa ran in, and ran out again, and was sure that she heard something pelting down the hill much too fast, for her sake! but who could blame him when he knew he was coming home at last? Then Rosa snapped poor Jonah’s head off, for being too thick to hear it.

Meanwhile, a mighty senate was held at Kettledrum Hall, Mrs. Corklemore herself taking the curule chair. After a glimpse of natural life, and the love of man and woman, we want no love of money; so we lift our laps (like the Roman envoy) and shake out war with the whole of them.

Fools who think that life needs gilding—life, whose flowing blood contains every metal but gold and silver—because they clog and poison it! Blessed is he who earns his money, and spends it all on a Saturday. He looks forward to it throughout the week; and the beacon of life is hope, even as God is its pole-star.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. GARNET’S house, well away to the west, was embraced more closely and lovingly by the gnarled arms of the Forest than the Hall, or even the Rectory. Just in the scoop of a sunny valley, high enough to despise the water, and low enough to defy the wind, there

was nothing to concern it much, but the sighing of the branches. Over the brown thatch hung two oak-trees, whispering leaves of history, offering the acorn cup upon the parlour hearth, chafing their rheumatic knuckles against the stone of the chimneys, wondering when the great storm should come that would give them an inside view of it. For though the cottage lay so snugly, scarcely lifting its thatched eyebrows at the draught which stole up the valley, nevertheless those guardian oaks had wrestled a bout or two with the tempests. In the cyclone on the morning of November 29th, 1836, and again on the 7th of January, 1842, they had gripped the ground, and set hard their knees, and groaned at the thought of salt water. Since then the wind had been less of a lunatic (although there had been some ruffianly work in 1854), and they hoped there was a good time coming, and so spread their branches further and further, and thought less of the price of timber. There was only one wind that frightened them much, and that was two points north of west, the very direction whence if they fell, crash they must come on the cottage. For they stood above it, the root-head some ten feet above the back-floor of the basement, and the branches towering high enough for a wood-pigeon not to be nervous there.

Now we only get heavy pressure of squalls from the west-north-west after a thorough-going tempest which has begun in the southward, and means to box half the compass. So the two great oaks were regarded by their brethren up the hill as jolly fellows, happy dogs, born with a silver spoon in their mouths, good for another thousand years, although they might be five hundred old, unless, indeed,—and here all the trees shuddered—there came such another hurricane as in 1703. But which of us knows his own brother’s condition? Those two oaks stood, and each knew it, upon a steep bank, where no room was for casting out stay-roots to east-south-east.

Bull Garnet hated those two trees, with terror added to hatred. Even if

they never crushed him, which depended much on the weather, they *would* come in at his bed-room window when the moon was high. Wandering shapes of wavering shadow, with the flickering light between them, walking slowly as a ghost goes, and then very likely a rustle and tap, a shivering, a shuddering; it made the ground-floor of his heart shake in the nightmare hours.

Never before had he feared them so much, one quarter so much, as this October; and, during the full and the waning moon after Clayton Nowell's death, he got very little sleep for them. By day he worked harder than ever, did more than three men ought to do, was everywhere on the estates, but never swore at any one—though the men scratched their ears for the want of it—laboured hard, and early, and late, if so he might come home at night (only not in the dark), come home at night thoroughly weary. His energy was amazing. No man anywhere felling wood—Mr. Garnet's especial luxury—no man hedging and ditching, or frithing, or stubbing up fern and brambles, but had better look out what he had in his bag, or "the governor would be there and no mistake." A workman could scarcely stand and look round, and wonder how his sick wife was, or why he had got to work so hard, could scarcely slap himself on the breast, or wet his hard hands for a better grip, but there was Bull Garnet before him, with sad, fierce, dogged eyes, worse than his strongest oaths had been.

Everybody said it was (and everybody believed it; for the gossip had spread from the household in spite of the maidens' fear of him) the cause of it was, beyond all doubt, the illness of his daughter. Pearl Garnet, that very eccentric girl, as Rufus Hutton concluded, who had startled poor Polly so dreadfully, was prostrate now with a nervous fever, and would not see even the doctor. Our Amy, who pleaded hard to see her, because she was sure she could do her good, received a stern sharp negative, and would have gone away offended, only she was so sorry for her. Not that

any fervid friendship, such as young ladies exult in for almost a fortnight incessant, not that any rapturous love exclusive of all *mankind* had ever arisen between them, for they had nothing whatever in common, save beauty and tenacity, which girls do not love in each other; only that she was always sorry for any one deep in trouble. And believing that Pearl had loved Clayton Nowell, and was grieving for him bitterly, how could Amy help contrasting that misery with her own happiness?

For Amy was nice and happy now, in spite of Cradock's departure, and the trouble he had departed in. He loved her almost half as much, she believed, as she loved him; and was not that enough for anybody? His troubles would flow by in time; who on earth could doubt it, unless they doubted God? He was gone to make his way in the world, and her only fear was lest he should make it too grand for Amy to share in. She liked the school-children so, and the pony, and to run out now and then to the kitchen, and dip a bit of crust in the dripping-pan; and she liked to fill her dear father's pipe, and spread a thin handkerchief over his head. Would all these pleasures be out of her sphere, when Cradock came back, with all London crowning him the greatest and best man of the age? Innocent Amy, never fear. "*Nemo, nisi ob homicidium, repente fuit clarissimus.*"

Mr. Garnet would have felled those oaks, in spite of Sir Cradock's most positive orders, if there had not been another who could not command, but could plead for them. Every morning as the steward came out, frowncd and shook his fist at them, the being whom he loved most on earth—far beyond himself, his daughter, and the memory of their mother, all multiplied into each other,—that boy Bob came up to him, and said, "Father, don't, *for my sake.*" We have not heard much of Bob Garnet yet; we have scarcely shaped him feebly; by no means was he a negative character, yet described most briefly by negatives. In every main point, except two, he was his father's cardinal opposite.

Those two were generosity (which included the love of truth, and, at least among Christians, the sense of Christianity) and persevering energy. Even those two were displayed in ways entirely different, but the staple was very similar.

Bob Garnet was a naturalist. Gentle almost as any girl, and more so than his sister, he took small pleasure in the ways of men, intense delight in those of every other creature. Bob loved all things God had made, even as fair Amy did. All his day, and all his life, he would have spent, if he had the chance, among the ferns and mosses, the desmids of the forest pools, the sun-dew and the fungi, the buff-tips and red underwings, privet-hawks, and emperors. He knew all the children of the spring and handmaids of the summer, all of autumn's laden train and the comforters of winter. The happiest of mankind is he, whose stores of bliss are endless, whose pure delights can never cloy, who sees and feels in every birth, in every growth, or motion, his own Almighty Father; and loving Him is loved again, as a child who spreads his arms out.

Mr. Garnet's affection for this boy surpassed the love of women. He petted, and patted, and coaxed him, and talked nonsense to him by the hour; he was jealous even of Bob's attachment to his sister Pearl; in short all the energy of his goodness, which, like the rest of his energies, transcended the force of other men's, centred and spent itself mainly there. But of late Bob had passed all his time with his mother—I mean, of course, with Nature; for his mother in the flesh was dead ever so long ago. He had now concluded, with perfect contentment, that his education was finished; and to have the run of the forest at this unwonted season more than consoled him for the disgrace of his recent expulsion from school.

Scarcely any one would believe that Bob Garnet, the best and gentlest boy that ever cried over Euripides—not from the pathos of the poet certainly, but from his own—Bob Garnet, who sang to snails to come out, and they felt that he could

not beat them, should have been expelled disgracefully from a private school, whose master must needs expel his own guineas with every banished pupil. However, so it was, and the crime was characteristic. He *would* sit at night in the lime-trees. Those lime-trees overhung the gray stone wall of the playground near Southampton; and some wanton boys had been caught up there, holding amoibeans with little nursemaids and girls of all work, come out to get lung-and-tongue food. Thereupon a stern ukase was issued that the next boy caught up there would be expelled without trial, as the corrupter of that pure flock. The other boys laughed, I am sorry to say, when "Bob, the natural," as they called him, meaning thereby the naturalist, was the first to be discovered there, crawling upon a branch as cleverly as a looper caterpillar. Even then the capital sentence was commuted that time, for every master knew, as well as every boy, that Bob could never "say bo" to anything of the feminine gender capable of articulating. So Bob had to learn the fourth Georgic by heart, and did most of it (with extreme enjoyment) up in that very same tree. For he kept all his caterpillars there, his beetle-traps, his moth-nets, even some glorious pupæ, which were due at the end of August; and he nursed a snug little fernery, and had sown some misletoe seeds, and a dozen other delicious things, and the lime-hawks wanted to burrow soon; in a word, it was Bob's hearth and heart-place, for no other boy could scale it. But just when Bob had got to the beginning of Aristæus, and the late bees were buzzing around him, although the linden had berried, an officious usher spied him out—a dirty little fellow, known and despised by all the more respectable *συναγωγαί* of Southampton. With hottest indignation, that mean low beggar cried out—

"Boy in the tree there! I see you! Your name this moment, you rascal!"

"Garnet, sir, Bob Garnet. And if you please, sir, I am not a rascal."

"Come down, sir, this very instant: or else I'll come up after you."

"I don't think you can, sir," replied Bob, looking down complacently; for, as we shall see by and by, he was no coward in an emergency. "If you please, sir, no boy in the school can climb this tree except me, sir, since Brown senior left."

"I can tell you one thing, Garnet; it's the last time you'll ever climb it."

"Oh, then I must collect my things; I am sorry to keep you waiting, sir. But they are such beauties, and I can't see well to pack them."

Bob packed up his treasures deliberately in his red pocket-handkerchief, and descended very cleverly, holding it with his teeth. The next morning he had to pack his box, and became in the school a mere legend.

His father flew into a violent passion, not with the son, but the school-master: however, he was so transported with joy at getting his own Bob home again, that he soon forgave the cause of it. So the boy got the run of the potato-fields, pollard-trees, and rushy pools, and hunted and grubbed and dabbled, and came home sometimes with three handkerchiefs, not to mention his hat, full. One lovely day this October, before the frost set in—a frost of a length and severity most rare at that time of year—Bob Garnet took his basket and trowel, nets, lens, &c. and set out for a sandy patch, not far from the stream by the rectory, where in his July holidays he had found some *Gladiolus Illyricus*, a bloom of which he had carried home, and now he wanted some roots of it. He could not think why his father left him so very much to himself now, and had ceased from those little caresses and fondlings, which used to make Bob look quite ashamed sometimes in the presence of strangers. He felt that his father loved him quite as much as ever, and he had found those strong eyes set upon him with an expression, as it appeared to him, of sorrow and compassion. He had a great mind to ask what the matter was; but his love for his father was a strange feeling, mixed with some dread and uncertainty. He would make Pearl tell him all about

it, that would be the best way; for she as well had been carrying on very oddly of late. She sat in her own room all day long, and would never come down to dinner, and would never come out for a stroll with him, but slipped out by herself sometimes in the evening; that, at least, he was sure of. And to tell him indeed, him going on now for seventeen years of age, that he was too young to ask questions! He would let her know, he was quite resolved, that because she happened to be two years older—a pretty reason that was for treating him like a baby! She who didn't know a wire-worm from a ring-worm, nor an elater from a tipula, and thought that the tippet-moth was a moth that fed upon tippets! Recalling fifty other instances of poor Pearl's deep ignorance, Bob grew more and more indignant, as he thought of the way she treated him. He would stand it no longer. If she was in trouble, that was only the greater reason—Holloa!

Helter, skelter, off dashed Bob after a Queen of Spain fritillary, the first he had ever seen on the wing, and a grand prize for any collector, even of ten times his standing. It was one of the second brood, invited by the sun to sport awhile. And rare sport it afforded Bob, who knew it at once from the other fritillaries, for the shape of the wings is quite different, and he had seen it in grand collections. An active little chap it was, greatly preferring life to death, and thoroughly aware that man is the latter's chief agent. Once Bob made quite sure of it, for it had settled on a blackberry spray, and smack the net came down upon it, but a smack too hard, for the thorns came grinning out at the bottom, and away went the butterfly laughing. Bob made good the net in a moment, with some very fine pins which he carried, and off again in still hotter pursuit, having kept his eyes on dear *Lathonia*. But the prey was now grown wondrous skeary since that narrow shave, and the huntsman saw that his only chance was a clever swoop in mid air. So he raised his net high, and zig-zagged recklessly round the trees, through the bushes. At

last he got quite close to her, but she flipped round a great beech-trunk; Bob made a cast at hazard, and caught not the Queen, but Amy.

Amy was not frightened much, neither was she hurt, though her pretty round head came out through the net—for she had taken her hat off—and the ring lay upon her shoulders, which the rich hair had shielded from bruises. She would have been frightened terribly, only she knew what was going on, and had stepped behind the tree to avoid the appearance of interfering. For she did not wish—she knew not why—but, by some instinct, she did not wish to have much to do with the Garnets. She regarded poor Bob as a school-boy, who was very fond of insects, and showed his love by killing them.

But if Amy was not frightened much, Bob, the captor, was terrified, and dropped the handle of his net, and fell back against the beech-tree. Then Amy laughed, and took off the net, or the relics of the gauze at least, and kindly held out her hand to him, and said,

“Oh, how you are grown!”

“And so are you. Oh, dear me, have you seen her? Have you seen her?”

“Seen whom?” asked Amy, “my Aunt Eudoxia? She is on there, by the ash-tree.”

“The Queen of Spain, Miss Rosedew, the Queen of Spain fritillary! Oh, tell me which way she went! If I lose her, I am done for.”

“Then, I fear, Master Garnet,—“confound it,” thought Bob, “how all the girls do patronise me!”—“I am very much afraid you must make up your mind to annihilation, if by the ‘Queen of Spain’ you mean that common brown little butterfly you wanted just now to kill so much.”

“Is she gone across the river then? That is nothing, I assure you. I would go through fire after her. Oh, tell me, only tell me.”

Amy could not help laughing; poor Bob looked so ridiculous, fitting a new net all the time upon the ring of the old one, the crown of his hat come to

look for his head, his trousers kicked well up over his boots, and his coat an undoubted ventilator.

“I really don’t know,” said Amy; “how could you expect me to see through your shrimp-net, Master Garnet?”

“Oh, I beg your pardon—how stupid I am to be sure—I beg your pardon a thousand times; really I might have hurt you. I would not do that for—”

“Even the Queen of Spain. To tell you the truth, Master Garnet, if I knew where she was gone I would not tell you, because I can’t bear to have things killed. In my opinion it is so cruel.”

“Oh!” cried Bob, a very long “oh,” and he looked at Amy all the time he was saying it, which was a wonderful thing for him to do. Then it occurred to his mind, for the first time possibly, what a beautiful creature she was, more softly shaded than a Chalk-hill blue, and richer than a cream-spotted tiger-moth! The moment he felt this Bob was done for: Amy had caught her captor.

Flushed as he was with the long hot chase, his cheeks grew hotter and redder, as he got a dim consciousness of a few of the things which he was feeling. He was like a chrysalis, touched in the winter, when it goes on one side from the crust of the thorax, and sometimes can never get right again. After having said “oh,” with emphasis and so much diæresis, Bob did not feel called upon for any further utterance till Amy was gone to her Aunt Eudoxia; and then he contrived to say, “Ah!” He was more put out than he had been even when his pet poplar-hawk caterpillar was devoured alive by ichneumon grubs. He went round the tree ever so many times, and wondered what was the matter with him, how he came there, and what he was doing.

Alas, poor Bob! Nature, who overlooks nothing, was well aware of the difficulties when she cried, “Jump up on my lap, Bob, and never be weaned from me.” She knew that things of all sorts would come between herself and her child, some of them drawn from her

own mother-milk, but most of them from man's muzzling. Of the latter she had not much fear with Bob; but the former, she knew, were beyond her, and she had none but herself to thank for them. She knew that the lad, so strongly imbued with her own pleasant affluences, was almost sure to be touched with that one which comes from her breast the warmest. And then what would become of zoology, phytology, entomology, and all the other yard-long names which her children spin out of her apron-strings?

While Bob was still fiddling with his fingers, and forgetting all about butterflies, Miss Eudoxia, fetched by Amy, came to hold discourse with him.

"Why, Master Robert, I do declare, Robert, my butterfly boy! I have not seen you for such a time, Robert." And she held out her hand, which Bob took with very little sense of gratitude. To be called a "butterfly boy" before Amy, and Amy to acquiesce in it!

"Ah, you think I have nothing for you, Robert. You school-boys live upon suction. But just wait a moment, my dear."

She drew forth an old horn comfit-box, which had belonged to her grandmother, and was polished up like amber from the chafing of many a lining. This she opened with much ado, poured three crinkled sugar-plums on her gloved palm, and a smooth one as large as a hazelnut, and offered them all to Robert, with a smile of the finest patronage.

"No thank you, Miss Rosedew; no thank you. I am very much obliged to you."

Miss Eudoxia had been wondering at her own generosity, and thought that he was overcome with it. So her smile became one of encouragement and assurance against self-sacrifice.

"Oh, you need not be afraid, Robert. And you can put some under your pillow, and wake up in the night and suck them. How nice that will be, to be sure! You see I know what boys are. And I have plenty left for the infant-school. And they don't deserve them as you do, Robin."

"Miss Rosedew," said Bob, in his loftiest manner, though he was longing for them, only that Amy was there; "you will believe me when I assure you that I never touch sweets of any sort; not even at a late dinner-party."

Miss Eudoxia turned her eyes up, and almost dropped the sugar-plums. But Amy, instead of being impressed, merrily laughed, and said,

"Give them to me, then, auntie, please. Some of the men at the night-school eat sweets after early suppers."

Bob said "good-bye" disconsolately, for he knew that he had affronted Miss Doxy, without rising in Amy's opinion. He forgot all about the gladiolus, and let many great prizes escape him; for the day was the last of the soft and sunny, which tempt forth the forest denizens ere the frosty seal is set on them. In the glimpses of every brown arcade, in the jumbled gleam of the underwood, in the alleys between the upstanding trees, even in the strong light where the golden patches shone, and the wood fell back to look at them, in all of these he seemed to see and then to lose his angel. Her face he could not see clearly yet, hard as he strove to do it; affection is, but love is not, a photographic power. Still he could see her shadowily; her attitude, the fall of her hair, the manner of her gestures; even the ring of her voice would seem to dwell about the image. But he never got them all together; one each time was the leading thing; vague; and yet it went through him.

He made one attempt—for he feared from the first, although he never could feel it so, that his love was a thorough wild-goose chase—the poor boy made one last attempt to catch at some other pursuit.

"Father," he said that very same night, after sitting for hours of wandering, "will you give me a gun and let me take to shooting?"

"A gun!" cried Bull Garnet, starting; "a gun, Bob! What do you mean by it?"

"I meant nothing at all, father. Only I know the way to stuff birds, and there

are some rare ones here sometimes, and
I want to make a collection."

"Bob Garnet, as long as I am alive,
you never shall have a gun."

"Then, will you lend me yours,

father? I know very well how to use
it. I mean your patent——"

"Never, Bob. My son, if you love
me, never speak of it again."

To be continued.

AUTUMN.

I.

THE rooks are calling, calling, calling,
The rooks are calling from the tree ;
The wither'd leaves are falling, alling,
And the winds sigh heavily :
And the human soul at this rotting hour,
With the drooping flower,
Doth inward groan,
And to its fellow maketh grievous moan.

II.

Yet not with man and flower alone
Hath this year's time
Lost all its golden prime,
And sadden'd into languor and decay ;
But, one by one,
Heaven's choristers have gone,
And taken all their song away, away.

III.

I saw the fruitage shaken, shaken,
I saw the fruitage shaken from the tree ;
And, when the boughs knew all their riches taken,
They bent in agony,—
And now, for very grief,
Scarce a leaf
Doth upward turn its face of yellowing hue
To sun or dew.

IV.

But all these earth-bow'd trees, though dying, dying,
Bear summ'd within them seed for other years ;
Then take, my soul, the burden of their sighing,
And stay these blinding tears :
We live, bear fruit, and fade on earth,
Till the even of life's story,
And only in yon land whence we had birth
Inherit undecaying glory !

GEORGE SMITH.

EYRE, THE SOUTH-AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

PART II.

FIVE hundred miles from any hope of help, in the very centre of the most horrible waterless desert on the face of the earth, poor Eyre stood that night, on the desolate down above the desolate sea, all alone save for one crouching, guilty-looking savage, and the corpse of his dearly loved companion lying stark and bloody in the flying gleams of the moon.

First terror, then indignation, then grief, then the dull horror of utter loneliness and despair, and the indescribable ghastly oppression of great and hopeless distance, which clawed at his heart like a nightmare; these were his other companions. Sometimes he prayed, sometimes he wept, sometimes he walked up and down, in short, tiger-like snatches, in his furious indignation meditating revenge before death. But all the time the cold chill wind rushed over the down, drove the sparks of the fire landward, and moved the dead man's hair. Whose imagination is powerful enough to conceive the unutterable horrors of such a night, in such a place?

The man was a high-strung and very sensitive man. This mad journey of his would prove it to a thoughtful reader, even if he would not take my word for it. But, high-strung and sensitive as he was, he was as *indestructible* a man as Big Boone himself. Nay, if Big Boone had, with his vast frame, found himself in this match against Nature, I think, if I may be allowed a sporting phrase, that I should have backed Nature.

But there was such an irrepressible vitality about this man, such a dexterous manipulation of the very worst materials, that he could not be beaten. In the midst of his very despair he had taken

measures for continuing the struggle, and had completed them long before the morning dawned. The first discovery he made in the dark was the very unpleasant one that he was left without the means of self-defence, or, what was dearer just now, Revenge; that the two blacks had got the available firearms, and were lurking round among the scrub with them; and that his life was not worth five minutes' purchase of any one's money. He had pistols, but no cartridges. His only other hope was in a rifle, which they had not taken. But this rifle was unserviceable. The murdered man had, a few days before, done the only undexterous thing recorded of him—tried to wash out the rifle while it was loaded. By the time he had found out it *was* loaded, he had wetted and partly washed out the powder, so that it was impossible to get it out; they had no screw to draw the bullet, and the rifle had been thrown aside as utterly useless. (Rifles are the most utterly useless trash in Australia, even for kangaroo-shooting. Eley's green cartridge in a double barrel is the only arm which a reasonable man uses for the larger game.) This disabled rifle was his only hope, and his only chance of getting it to work was to melt out the bullet. He put the barrel in the fire; but there was powder enough left to explode, and the bullet whizzed close by his ear. After such an accident at such a time he may be considered safe.

When the rifle was loaded he felt more secure. The next thing which engaged the attention of our πολυμήτης was the horses, on whom everything depended. He went into the scrub after them at the risk of being shot, and got them. After this he waited for morning.

The raving wind went down towards morning, and by degrees the grey dawn crept over the desolate down, and bit by bit showed him all the circumstances and all the extent of the horrible midnight disaster. Baxter lay in his shirt about five yards from his bed, shot through the breast, soaking in blood; his eyes, Eyre tells us, were still open, but glazed in death; and the same expression of stern resolution which he had worn in life was still on the face of the corpse. The camp was plundered, and everything was broken by the murderers. After examination he found that all they had left was forty pounds of flour and four gallons of water.

Before he started westward, one duty remained to him, that of paying the last tribute of decency and friendship to his dead friend. The soil was bare limestone rock for miles around, and time was life. All that he could do for the poor senseless corpse was to wrap its head decently in a blanket, and leave it to wither in the woods. There it lies still, and there most likely it will lie for ever. Old Earth is such a bitter cruel stepmother in that accursed country, that she even refuses to take her dead children back to her bosom.

You must be nearly sick of these accumulated horrors. But from this point a new horror begins to dog his steps—Murder. However long and weary the thirsty day might have been, sleep, rest, unconsciousness, dreams of home, now became impossible. His life was at the mercy of two sneaking, crawling savages, who might pounce on him the instant his eyes closed, and kill him. A kinder or gentler man never lived, but he made a certain determination. He resolved to shoot these two savages on the first opportunity. "Would they give him one?" That was the question; or would they prowl and sneak round him until they murdered him?—a fine problem for a maddened man, five hundred miles from help. Meanwhile there was one other chance. He had not studied these savages so many years for nothing; he knew their laziness, and he thought, with his horses and his

pluck, that he might outwalk them. So he started away as early as he could, and left Baxter with his head rolled in a blanket alone on the desert down.

Of Wylie, the black who had stood by him, he had no fear. He knew that the two South Australian blacks would, after the manner of their folk, inevitably murder Wylie, the King George's Sound native, who came from another tribe and spoke another language, the instant they had done using him, as the strongest of the three, in helping them back to Fowler's Bay. He knew also that Wylie was perfectly aware of this himself. And, although he strongly suspected Wylie of being a participator of the plunder of the camp, he knew that Wylie's only chance of life was loyalty to him. Wylie, he believes, had arranged with the two other natives for a grand feed on the stock of provisions, but had been frightened and shocked by the murder. Events proved that Wylie knew on which side his bread was buttered.

Wylie was a very good, a somewhat exceptional, specimen of his people, as Eyre, a lover and protector of the blacks, allows. Now, you know these people must go. God never made the Portland Bay district for them. All one asks is, that the thing should be done with decency, and with every sort of indulgence; whereas it is not, but in a scandalous and disgraceful manner. Of course these Australians must be improved, but let the improvement be done with some show of decency. But we may preach and preach, and the same old story will go on, now there is no Governor Gipps; and so we will leave preaching, and mind our business, for public opinion, unbacked by a Governor Gipps, is but a poor thing for the blacks.

The above paragraph was written yesterday, and, under ordinary circumstances, I should have altered it, and polished it down. But this morning I got my *Times*, and read about the massacre of the Indians on the Colorado; and that seemed to illustrate what I have said above in such a singular

manner that I determined to let the paragraph stand, just as I had jotted it down, as a matter of curiosity. The leading article in the *Times* this morning was remarkably sensible. When the colonists are left to administer justice in their own way, they do invariably say, "We must fight as they fight," and they not only say so, but do so. For very decency's sake, this improving business should be done by paid third parties, if it were only to avoid scandal. So we are going to withdraw the imperial troops from New Zealand, and do the business in a shorter and cheaper manner.

Eyre, however, as he started at eight o'clock on the morning after the murder, with his forty pounds of flour and his four gallons of water, was not, probably, in the humour to think deeply over this question. His life's work had been, and was to be, the protection of these savages against the whites. But on this particular morning things had gone so very cross with him, that he found the leading resolution in his very resolute mind was to cut off the first one he caught sight of, like a rabbit. "How circumstances do change people." His horses had now been three days without water, and where the next was to be got he had no idea. However, he started over the downs, on his five hundred miles tramp, in an exceedingly defiant mood. "Not an ounce of die in him," as I heard a cockney blacksmith say about a sick friend.

He had one interview, and one only, with these murderous young vagabonds. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he saw them approaching cautiously. One cannot help wishing that he had had an Enfield rifle, instead of one of those miserable things we called rifles in those days; but he had not. A rifle of those times was not sighted above a hundred yards, and they would not give him a shot. He walked towards them, but they kept beyond distance; and at last, in despair, he threw down his own rifle, and advanced unarmed, hoping to get near enough to run in on one of them, wrest his loaded gun from him, and &c. If I am not mistaken, the Victoria Cross

has been given for less than this. But they would not come near him, but kept away, crying out for Wylie. Master Wylie, to whom every cry of theirs was a fresh piece of evidence as to his complicity in the murder, did not know them, had never seen these low coloured persons before, wondered what they could possibly mean by hollering after him, and so on, with all the transparent childish cunning of a savage; leading his horses on, and leaving the question in the hands of Providence, and those of an extremely infuriated English gentleman called Eyre; and walked calmly on in saint-like innocence.

Eyre could do nothing with them; they only went on running away, and implicating Wylie's character to an extent which must have exasperated that young gentleman to a pitch many degrees beyond murder. After a time Eyre came back, picked up his rifle, and saw them no more.

What they did, or what became of them, we shall never know exactly. If they did not die of famine, they were most certainly murdered by the first natives they came across. One can guess at their motives in plundering the camp and murdering Baxter. They possibly (I will go no further than possibly) wanted a good feed, and hated Baxter. But this is an exceptional case. In general, you can form no guess whatever of an Australian black's motives. If you notice, you will find yourself very much puzzled by the motives of your own children. But their motives for action are the hardest common sense, if you compare them with those of an Australian black. The only crime which I have heard of on this side of the water, and which I can compare to the aimless murders so common among these queer Australians, is the murder committed by Constance Kent on her little brother. It was Australian "all over." I knew the old hand at once.

Allow me to tell an anecdote in illustration. I was staying in an Australian country house once, in the far west,—a real Australian country house, where the kangaroos came skipping, and staring,

and gandering past the dining-room windows; where the opossums held high jinks and murdered sleep in the shrubberies every night; where the native cats stowed themselves under your bed until you had gone to sleep, and then proclaimed their case against an ungrateful world in a noise which might be achieved in an inferior degree by a wicked old tom cat, carefully trained by a howling ape and a hyena;—a house with a flower-garden, at the bottom of which was a lake on which no one was allowed to fire a shot, and which swarmed all through the burning summer's day with teal, widgeon, great cranes, pelicans, black swans, and purple water-hens;—a house in which the scorpions came tittle, tittle, tittle, along the passage, looked in at the library door to see how you were getting on, and then packed themselves away under the door-mat; where enormous centipedes came from under the fender at a terrific pace, eight inches long, twenty legs a side, struck with a sudden uncontrollable impulse to walk up the leg of your trousers, and see what *that* was like;—a house where some one was always going to bed after breakfast, and “coming down” as fresh as paint, just out of his bath, to an eight o'clock dinner; where you slept all day, and went out a-fishing as soon as the night was dark enough; where your papers were the *Spectator* and the *Illustrated London News*, and one's drink weak claret and water;—a real old 100,000 acre, two thousand a year, Australian country house, in short.

In such a house as this, it once befell that I had to stay for an indefinite time. On the first morning, when I came down (there was only one storey, but I will continue the fiction) to breakfast, I found a very smart-looking native girl, dressed much as your own housemaid is dressed, dusting the room. She looked so much smarter and brighter than any native woman I had ever seen before, that I asked Mrs. L—— (may her days be long in the land), the Scotch house-keeper, about her antecedents.

There was a queer story about her. Her brother, a native, was one groom,

and another young native was another groom; and one day, not two months before, these two young rascals had agreed to murder her. There was no more cause for it than there is for your murdering me, but they thought they would like to do it; they had not tasted blood lately, and, although they were very well off, had plenty to eat, worked no more than they chose, and so on, yet things were rather slow in these parts; so they thought they would murder this young woman. They proceeded to do so; they had got her down, her brother was throttling her—hope was lost—it was a matter of moments—when—

Here comes your sensation—Mrs. L——, a very strong and opinionated Scotchwoman, came in and caught them at it. Not only caught them at it, but caught the principal offender across the back of the head with a carpet-broom, stopped the whole business, and routed the enemy single-handed. It is time we walked on with Eyre, and so we must have done with Mrs. L——; I have no more to tell you of her than this: When the station was attacked by the blacks, she and the two gentlemen of the house were alone. The two hundred savages were so near accomplishing their object, that they actually were upon the roof, and were casting their spears in upon the three. The roof would not fire, in consequence of a heavy rain, and my two hosts picked off every man who appeared in the gap of the roof which they had made. Mrs. L—— all the time stood between them, loading their guns and handing them to them alternately, until assistance came from Port Fairy. Another fact about her is this: I never could convince her that the great wedge-tailed eagle of Australia was to be compared to our own twopenny-halfpenny golden eagle. The colonists have, for their own reasons, christened these birds “eagle hawks.” “Ye have no been to Scotland?” she would say; “I tell ye, sir, they are naething to the Scottish eagle.” Common specimens measured fifteen feet across the wings!

What with Mrs. L—— and the eagles,

we have left poor Eyre on his waterless down, five hundred miles from help, somewhat too long. We shall have one more terrible push with him, and then the story will become more pleasant, or rather less horrible, to read.

After the interview with the murderers, Eyre pushed on as rapidly as possible far into the night, for eighteen miles further; knowing well that he would thus get a good start of those lazy young gentlemen, who would not travel more than a few miles without lying down. The next day, which was the first of May, the first day of winter in that hemisphere, they got the horses along twenty-eight miles, and it was getting evident that it could not continue much longer: as they had been already five days without water, and had no hope of any for two days more.

No change had as yet taken place in the character of the country. They were still travelling over the weary downs; the surface of the ground a cream-coloured limestone, full of shells, but with no water, and scarcely any grass or vegetation at all, except the scrub I have compared to juniper, for the sake of an English reader. But to Eyre's keen, well-trained eye, a change had taken place which made his heart leap with hope. Stumbling along, lame, suffering, and miserable, he came on one little *Banksia*, trying to grow in the cruel, rocky soil. Only one tiny twig, I guess, with a whorl of oak-like leaves around the top, brave little pioneer of the following army. At first only one. Then, after an interval, two or three; then half-a-dozen, I daresay, and one bigger than the rest, which had succeeded in blossoming and seeding, and was the parent of all these little ones. But, at all events, there were the *Banksias*, with hope hovering over their delicate green foliage. They were the harbingers of a better country beyond—they never erred. But oh, the next two days, and the horses failing, mile after mile! To be so near, and yet so far off! Wylie wanted to lie down, and so he did. Eyre himself would have been most willing to lie

down and die, but still the weary feet went on almost mechanically.

At last it was done. Seven days, and 150 miles from the last water, they led their horses down a gorge in the cliffs, to the shore. The cliffs had come to an end, and a long line of lower sandhills stretched before them. They found a native well immediately; the horses were watered, and they lay down to sleep, away from the well, lest, as was most improbable, the murderers should have kept pace with them, and should surprise and kill them in the night. No such thing, however, occurred, and they never saw them again. Without doubt, they perished miserably in the bush, as, when they deserted, they were seventy miles from water in one direction, and eighty in the other.

Here another symptom of better country appeared in the form of black cockatoos—an immense funereal-looking bird, with the most funereal note I ever heard, "Wee-wah! wee-wah!" like a rusty sign on a post—yet welcomer to them than a Lorieet would have been for plumage, or an organ-voiced magpie, finest of songbirds after the nightingale. Rain came now, when it was not wanted, and the weather on that broad desolate shore grew wild and stormy. Eyre was suffering agonies of pain with what is called there "poisoned hand." But things on the whole looked brighter.

One of the horses was now so utterly done up that he determined to kill it, and to stay in one place for a few days to feed upon it. He communicated his intention to Wylie, who said with extreme emphasis, "Master, you shall see me sit up all night eating;" a promise or threat which he carefully fulfilled. No sooner was so much of the horse's skin removed as to make it possible to get at some of the meat, than Wylie lit a fire, and began cooking and eating. That night he cooked twenty pounds' weight of it, and he ate the main part before morning. Eyre calculates that Wylie, or any other black, would eat you his nine pounds a day on an average. I never myself calculated the amount, but I have seen them at it.

Of course Wylie was horribly ill. I think I know his symptoms, though Eyre does not give them. Set a number of blacks to work on a bullock which—which you don't want for your own use, let us say ; and you will see very nearly this : Your black fellow will begin cooking and eating, the meat not being done quite so brown as Mrs. George Rokesmith liked her cutlets ; and after a time his stomach will begin to swell. As the swelling goes on, the feeding becomes slower and slower, and he becomes silent. Then his face becomes passive and thoughtful, then perturbed and anxious, lastly morose and fretful. Then he begins to whimper, and throw the things about, and make foolish blows in the direction of his wife, who is far enough off by now, I warrant you. To finish all, he rolls himself on the ground with plaintive howls, until the colic has mended itself.

This feed of meat made Eyre very ill, too. Even Wylie found out that the pleasure was not worth the cost, balanced in *his* mind the relative values of horseflesh and colic, and gave up the horseflesh, consenting to a frugal supper of a little bit of bread and a spoonful of flour boiled into paste. I mention this fact as being the only circumstance which seems in the least degree incredible in Eyre's journal.

Though the weather set in deadly cold, though so cold that sleep was difficult, though Eyre's health began to fail, and though they had between four and five hundred miles to go, yet new signs of hope followed one another faster and faster. Here (position roughly 124° E. 33° S.) the Banksias became more common, and a new tree began to appear—the silver wattle (an acacia, one of the most familiar trees in the rich parts of Australia, but whose botanical name I have not handy). More than this, at this point they saw their first hill. They had passed over a weary table-land, four or five hundred feet high, which I have, perhaps wrongly, characterized as a "down ;" but it was only a table-land, the southern lip of that miserable internal basin or depression which so long deluded geographers

into the belief of a central sea,—the elevated ground which stops all the internal waters, originated by a rainfall nearly equal to that of Ireland or Devonshire, back into that vast depressed region which we used to call Lake Torrens, to be evaporated there instead of finding their way to the sea by a hundred beautiful harbours. They had passed over this weary table-land, but they had never seen a hill. Now they saw one. A real Australian hill, with its crags rounded by the forest which grew upon it ; a real hill, a father of waters. Eyre, with his traveller's eye, rejoiced ; and one who has travelled in those quaint regions can sympathise with him. Once, after a long spell through a depressed forest country, with a somewhat depressed and saturnine friend of mine, I saw such a hill. My cynical friend turned to me, and said quietly, "High hills and all pleasant places, praise ye the Lord."

The character of the country continued to give them fresh hopes of ultimate success, for its geological character changed, and sheets of granite begun to appear at low water. It gradually rose until it displaced the porous oolite ; and, at last, Eyre found that he had come to a country which would carry water upon its surface. He found a slender thread of water trickling over a granite rock. It was but a mere "weep," but it was the first he had met since he had left Streaky Bay, nearly eight hundred miles behind. Grass grew more abundantly also ; and the Xanthorea, or grass tree, began to appear. It got bitter cold, so that a new fear took possession of him—whether or no he should be able to face the next three hundred miles with cold and starvation as his companions. Scurvy, according to all precedent, would soon set in ; and already he had to use force to get Wylie to move after sitting down. Really it seemed a hopeless business even now. He little knew what a glorious piece of good fortune God's providence had in store for him. One cannot help seeing that, but for one singular accident, the chances were still 100 to 1 against him.

The French whaler, *Mississippi*, commanded by one Rossiter, an Englishman, had found herself in these Australian seas just as the Pritchard-Tahitian dispute had breezed up to that extent that war between France and England seemed almost a matter of certainty. Rossiter became very much alarmed. To go home and lose his voyage was ruin; to be captured by a British cruiser was ruin and imprisonment besides; yet there was no coast but that of the enemy for some thousands of miles. Under these circumstances he betook himself to the most desolate and out-of-the-way place he could think of, and anchored in a bay in lat. 34° long. 122° , behind an island. It was a fine enough anchorage, but in those times it had no name. It was so desolate and so utterly out of the way of all human knowledge, that in the year of grace 1841 it had actually had no name, for the simple reason that no one had ever been there before.

"A waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come since the making of the world."

They knew this coast—that it was waterless and uninhabited for a thousand miles. It did not matter to them: they had their ship, and cared little for the shore. They used to see it there every day, yellow and bare and treeless, with a few mountains on the left in the dim hot distance; so it had been for ever, and would be for evermore. But one day it had a strange new interest for them: they, as they were idly busying themselves with cleaning their cables, which were foul, saw a man moving on the shore. It seemed incredible, but their glasses confirmed it. It was a white man, who knelt on a point and was making a fire to signal them. Half a dozen of them tumbled into a whale boat; and, as the beautiful craft came leaping and springing towards the shore, their wonder grew into amazement. It was a white man indeed, but such a man as they had never seen before. He was wan and thin, his clothes were ragged; he seemed wild, and looked like one who had risen from the dead:

a man who had evidently such a story to tell that you trembled while you waited for him to begin. Such a man stood on the very verge of a wave-worn rock among the climbing surge, with strained eyes and parted lips, eagerly holding out his wasted hands towards them.

To say that they had him into the plunging boat off the slippery sea-weed in a minute; to say that they embraced him, patted him on the back, and looked fondly at him, that they in one breath demanded his story of him, and in the next forbade him to open his mouth until he had refreshed himself—is only to say that they were sailors, and, what is more, Frenchmen. Here was something which suited their great sailor hearts entirely. Here was unprecedented headlong courage: here was endurance equally unprecedented: here was a man who had been where no one had been before, and had seen what no one could ever see again. To be blown a thousand miles out of your course was one thing, but to have *walked* a thousand miles was quite another. If Eyre had done the distance in a fast spring cart (that mode of locomotion which a sailor specially affects), it would have been a noble action. But to have walked (a sailor never walks), seemed, I suspect, to put a halo of romance about the affair which it would not have had otherwise. At all events, their hearts were in the right place; and Eyre, from a lonely, hopeless wanderer, found himself suddenly transformed into a hero.

One must be allowed to be mildly jocular for a moment, for the story has been so miserably tragical hitherto. We would try to avoid the sin of jocularly as much as possible; there is very little temptation to it here; and yet I should be disposed to guess that Eyre was inclined to laugh boisterously at the smallest joke.

That night he slept on board the *Mississippi*. As the night darkened, the wind rose and moaned till the moan grew into a shriek, and then raved on till it became a gale. But the good ship *Mississippi*, in the lee of the island,

cared little for this, and Eyre less. Lying warm and snug in his bunk, between the blankets, he only heard the slopping tread of the officer of the watch over head, and so knew it was raining: only heard the wild wind aloft among the rigging, and so knew that it was blowing. He thought how that rain was beating and that wind was tearing among the desolate sand-hills, where he would have lain this night had it not been for the providence of a merciful God, who, it seemed to him, was resolved to see him through it all, and not let his adventure end in utter useless disaster. So, every time he was awakened by the officer of the watch or the wind in the rigging, he said a short fervent prayer of deep thankfulness to Almighty God for His mercy, and then turned himself to happy sleep once more, only to hear the wild rain and the wilder wind singing a pleasant bass through his hopeful dreams.

For, if he *could* get through with this business, he had done what no man had ever done before, or would ever do again. The thing could never be repeated; there was not, and there is not, room on the earth for the repetition of such an adventure by a sane man. If he did it—if the cup was not dashed from his lips now—he would be immortal. It is perfectly certain that his adventure was, in its way, the greatest ever carried through; but, as for the immortality of it, I cannot find any one in London who ever heard of it or of him. A few of the oldsters in Melbourne, and a few more in Sydney, remember the thing being done; but the expedition led to nothing positive—only proved in the most offensively practical way that you *could not*, whereas Eyre's duty as a man and explorer had been supposed to be to prove that you *could*.

He stayed a fortnight with Captain Rossiter, who treated him with the extremest kindness, though he himself was in deep anxiety about the war and the fate of his ship. He fitted out Eyre with every necessary and luxury, and started him again on his journey with every good wish. Eyre gave him

bills on his agent at Albany for the things he had, but they were never presented. He never again saw or heard of the man to whom he was so deeply indebted.

He had now been a year exactly on his expedition. The splendid staff of companions with which he had started was dwindled down to one solitary savage, and there were yet two hundred and fifty miles of distance; but still hope grew stronger each mile they made forward through the driving bitter weather. The country got more interesting as his journal becomes less so.

One morning when he rose he told Wylie that they would see the mountains beyond the Sound before night. Wylie was very sceptical about it—in fact, never really believed that they would reach the Sound at all. But in the afternoon the grand rugged outline of his native hills broke upon his view, and he gave way to the wildest transports of joy. He knew every valley in them, and every tree which feathered their sides. There his own brothers and relations were waiting for him now.

The fourth day from this they left their horses and pushed on rapidly. It was a fearfully wet day, and, though they were close to the town, they had not met a living creature facing the furious weather. The first creature they met was a native, who knew Wylie, and from him they learnt that they had been given up two months before. Shortly after Wylie was in the bosom of his enraptured tribe, and Eyre was shaking hands with Lady Spencer.

Wylie was pensioned by Government, and retired to his tribe, where, I have no doubt, he took heartily to lying about his journey, and in due time got to believe his own lies. He may be alive now, and may have seen Redpath. Peace be with him!

Mr. Eyre had now finished his journey. From the time he had dismissed the rest of his staff, and had come on with the overseer alone, he had been four months and ten days, and had travelled in actual distance about a thousand miles. Since Baxter was mur-

dered, and he was entirely alone with Wylie, he had been two months and five days, and had come between five and six hundred miles. The distance passed over, without finding one drop of surface water, was seven hundred miles, the distance from London to Vienna. He

returned to Adelaide, and met with the welcome he deserved, and so the great adventure came to an end. That dreadful band of country has never been invaded since, and Baxter's bones still lie out on the desolate down, bleaching in the winds.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

BY H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.B., F.R.S.

THE opinions that have been expressed as to the time at which the brain in man arrives at maturity or attains its maximum size have been very various. The English anatomists have been the most zealous in working out this question. They have weighed the organ in some thousands of cases, including persons of all ages; and the results of their investigations go to prove that, as a rule, the brain continues to increase in weight till about the twentieth year, although more rapidly in the earlier half of this period than in the later; that from about the twentieth to the fortieth year it retains its maximum size, and is subject only to almost imperceptible variations; whilst after this latter period a slow and gradual decrease takes place through the closing decades of life. The average weight of the female brain is about five ounces less than that of the male, that of the latter being about forty-nine ounces, and that of the former about forty-four ounces avoirdupois. This weight of the brain in man is found to be *absolutely* greater than that of the same organ in any of the lower animals, with the exceptions of the elephant and the whale. At one time it was imagined that the *relative* weight of the brain as compared with the total weight of the body was greater in man than in any of the animals; but although this is generally the case, yet there are notable exceptions to the rule. In man, it is true, the proportion varies immensely at different periods of life, and with different states

of obesity, and the proportionate weight of the brain to that of the body is greater at birth than at any subsequent period of life, the ratio at this time being about 1 to 6, whilst that of adult life may be considered as 1 to 36. Comparing the ratio of adult life, however, with that met with in the lower animals, we find that in certain of the smaller birds, a few rodentia, and some of the smaller American monkeys, the proportionate weight of the brain is greater than it is in man.

There has been a much-debated question as to the bearing of the size of the brain in different individuals upon the excellence of the intellectual faculties. One thing, however, seems to be pretty clearly proved from the observations of M. Lelut and others; and that is that, when the brain does not exceed about 32 oz. in weight, it is invariably accompanied either by idiocy or some degree of mental imbecility. The lightest human brains on record have been examined and described by Professor Marshall. The one, that of an idiot boy, weighed only 8½ oz.; whilst of the other, from an idiot woman, the weight scarcely exceeded 10 oz. Many conflicting statements have been made concerning the weight of the brain in different distinguished individuals. Thus the brain of Lord Byron has been said by Wagner and many others to have considerably exceeded the average; but there is reason to believe that the estimation of its weight was not free from errors. Certainly his skull was small, as it is a

notorious fact that few of his friends could succeed in getting their heads into his hat. The brain of Baron Cuvier is about the heaviest yet on record; it is said to have weighed 64 oz. The brain of Schiller was examined by Carus, the celebrated German anatomist, and said not to have exceeded the average weight. Descartes, Raphael, and Voltaire are said to have had small heads, whilst that of Napoleon only slightly exceeded the mean dimensions. Statements concerning the size of the head, however, are of little value unless actual measurements have been made; as, where an ocular examination only has been resorted to, the observer is so liable to be misled by the different proportions between the development of the face and the cranium proper. Thus Montaigne, Leibnitz, Haller, Mirabeau, and other distinguished men have been known to have had both large faces and large brains, whilst in Bossuet and Kant, on the contrary, though the faces were small, the brains were large. When we take into account, however, the fact that in many persons whose intellectual capabilities are far below the mean the brain is frequently found to exceed the average weight by several ounces, we can easily understand that something besides mere weight of brain is necessary to ensure mental superiority. Thus, a short time since, we found the brain to weigh 55 oz. in an imbecile man of about the middle age, whose intellectual defect was congenital. He never conversed with others, spoke with hesitation when giving his monosyllabic answers to the simplest questions, had a very deficient memory, and seemed to have little notion of the lapse of time.

It has already been stated that the average weight of the brain in women is less than it is in men, and an examination of the capacity of the skull in the two sexes is also confirmatory of this result. But the German anatomists have gone still further, and Professor Vogt, speaking on this subject, says:—
 "The type of the female skull approaches, in many respects, that of the infant, and in a still greater degree

"that of the lower races; and with this is connected the remarkable circumstance, that the difference between the sexes as regards the cranial cavity increases with the development of the race, so that the male European excels much more the female than the negro the negress." The observations bearing upon this do not seem to be sufficiently numerous to enable us to receive it as an accepted fact. Were it so, it would certainly be most interesting evidence as to the effects of civilization as a modifying influence upon the human organism, and the manner in which higher types and races may be evolved out of those of an inferior grade; for, as Professor Vogt says, "the lower the state of culture, the more similar are the occupations of the two sexes. Among the Australians, the Bushmen, and other low races, possessing no fixed habitations, the wife partakes of all her husband's toils, and has, in addition, the care of the progeny. The sphere of occupation is the same for both sexes; whilst among the civilized nations there is a division both in physical and mental labour. If it be true that every organ is strengthened by exercise, increasing in size and weight, it must equally apply to the brain, which must become more developed by proper mental exercise." If this be the effect of civilization, then may we not look forward to a time when a later and more perfect type of progress shall again tend to restore the balance, by calling more into play, and giving a wider sphere for the activity and culture of woman's intellectual nature? This supposition, as to the influence of the habits of individuals, and of the progress of civilization, in increasing the capacity of the skull, and, as a necessary consequence, the size and weight of the brain, seems also to be confirmed by the observations of Broca. He availed himself of the opportunity of examining a number of skulls from certain vaults and cemeteries in Paris. A certain number of skulls were taken from a common pit in which paupers were buried, and

others belonging to the same epoch from private graves, which may fairly be supposed to have been occupied by people of the more educated classes, and a striking difference was observed in the average cranial capacity obtained from an examination of the two series. The measurements, also, of a series of skulls of persons buried in the twelfth century, when compared with those derived from another series of skulls belonging to persons of the nineteenth century, seemed to show that the cranium of the Parisian population has in the course of centuries gained in capacity. The data from which these conclusions were derived were not very numerous, so that, however interesting the facts may be, it would be desirable that they should be confirmed by subsequent investigations before we can look upon them as established truths.

Let us now turn our attention to the convolutions of the cerebrum. The importance of attention to these is very great, since their principal office seems to be to increase in any given brain the amount of surface over which the "grey matter" of the brain can be extended. Now, seeing that this "grey matter" is supposed to be connected intimately with the manifestation of the intellectual faculties, the first impression would be, that the superiority of these might be in direct proportion to the complexity of the convolutions. This view requires some limitations, however, since, in animals belonging to the same group, their intricacy and development appears to increase with the size of the body, though it could scarcely be maintained that the development of the intellectual faculties obeyed the same law. This difficulty has been met by M. Baillarger. He called attention to the fact that, "on comparing two bodies of similar form, but of different size, their respective volumes vary as the cubes of their diameters, whilst the proportion of the surfaces is as the square of the diameters, or, in other words, the volume of a body increases more rapidly than the surface." From this it will

be evident that, of two animals of different sizes belonging to the same order, the brain of the larger, in order to present the same proportionate amount of surface for the distribution of its grey matter, must have its convolutions or surface folds more developed, if the same ratio is to be preserved between the relative amounts of grey and white matter in the brains of the two animals. Thus, in comparing the development of the convolutions, allowance must always be made for any differences in size that may exist between the brains examined.

Throughout the classes of fishes, reptiles, and birds, the comparatively small cerebral hemispheres are smooth and devoid of convolutions, and only a trace of one principal fissure even is to be met with amongst some of the smaller mammalia, such as the bat and the mole. Their complexity varies much in the different families of mammalia, though it has been shown by M. Leuret that each family has more or less its own distinctive type. Hence arises a most interesting question: Can the physical constitution of man, so far as his brain is concerned, be at all assimilated to the type of the lower animals, or is he immeasurably separated from them in this respect by a gulf as broad as that which sunders his intellectual and moral nature from theirs? In reply, let us see what Professor Huxley says upon the subject, since his opinions on this point coincide with those of almost all the distinguished naturalists who have studied the question. He remarks:—"As to the convolutions, the brains of the apes exhibit every stage of progress, from the almost smooth brain of the Marmoset to the Orang and the Chimpanzee, which fall but little below Man. And it is most remarkable that, as soon as all the principal sulci appear, the pattern according to which they are arranged is identical with that of the corresponding sulci of man. The surface of the brain of a monkey exhibits a sort of a skeleton map of man's, and in the man-like apes the details become more and more filled in, until it is only in minor

"characters, such as the greater excavation of the anterior lobes, the constant presence of fissures usually absent in man, and the different disposition and proportions of some convolutions, that the Chimpanzee's or the Orang's brain can be structurally distinguished from Man's." In connexion with this identity in the type of the convolutions in man and the higher apes, it is well to bear in mind the great difference existing in the size of their brains. For notwithstanding the considerably greater bulk and weight of the Gorilla, the largest brain of this animal yet weighed has not exceeded 20 oz., whilst, as we have before stated, the European human brain cannot possibly perform its normal functions if its weight be less than about 32 oz.; below this we meet only with idiocy and mental imbecility.

A very great difference exists even amongst Europeans as to the degree of the complexity of the convolutions in different individuals, and what is now wanted is an accurate examination of their arrangement in the different tribes constituting the human family. An examination of this kind was made by Gratiolet of the brain of the celebrated Hottentot Venus, and quite recently, in a most valuable memoir, Professor Marshall has given us the results of his examination of the brain of a Bushwoman, accurately comparing the various points in its anatomy with that of the average European brain, and with the brain of the Chimpanzee. After a detailed examination of the convolutions he says: "Compared with the same parts in the ordinary European brain, they are smaller, and in all cases so much less complicated as to be far more easily recognised and distinguished amongst each other. This comparative simplicity of the Bushwoman's brain is of course an indication of structural inferiority, and indeed renders it a useful aid in the study of the more complex European form." Compared with the brain of the Hottentot Venus as represented by Gratiolet, that of the Bushwoman presented a remarkable similarity, which is all the more interest-

ing from the fact that the former was believed by G. Cuvier to have been a Bushwoman of small stature, so that, as Professor Marshall says, "their common inferiority to the European brain may justify the expectation that future inquiries will show characteristic peculiarities in degree of convolitional development in the different leading races of mankind." Although, as regards size—its weight being about 31.5 oz. or slightly less than the lowest healthy European female brain—and the low development of its convolutions, there is an evident leaning with this brain of the Bushwoman, as well as with that of the Hottentot Venus, towards the higher quadrumanous forms; yet still the sum of their convolitional characters indicates a greater difference between them and the highest ape's brain yet described, than between them and the European brain. It is, however, a matter of absolute certainty that there is less difference in convolitional development between their brains and that of the "highest ape, than between the latter and the lowest quadrumanous animal." Much has been said concerning the actual differences existing between the convolutions in man and the higher apes, and attempts have been made to find well-marked lines of demarcation between them. Such attempts have, however, not been crowned by any very definite results, since the differences met with are variations in degree, and not of kind. The type in both being identical, in addition to the less complex development of the convolutions in the higher apes, certain fissures are more apparent in them, separating some of the lobes, whilst in man the most notable divergence is to be seen in the specially increased complexity of the frontal convolutions, the size of the so-called "supramarginal lobule," formed by the extreme development on each side of a convolution of the median or parietal lobe; and the greatly increased development of certain connecting convolutions of the posterior lobes which serve to unite these with those of the parietal region. These connecting convolutions, or "*plis de*

passage" of Gratiolet, have attracted much attention, and their vastly increased development is certainly a most characteristic point in the anatomy of the European human brain. The interesting fact has been revealed by Marshall that in the brain of the Bushwoman these "connecting convolutions are, in "comparison with those of the European "brain, still more remarkably defective "than the primary convolutions." In man it is the development of the connecting convolutions that obliterates the fissure bounding the occipital lobe, which we have already alluded to as being more easily seen in the higher apes. But besides size there is a still further difference with regard to these interesting convolutions. In man they are quite superficial, whilst in nearly all the apes they are more or less covered by a sort of operculum or projection forwards of a development from each of the posterior lobes. For a time this absolutely superficial position of the "plis de passage" was maintained by Gratiolet to be the peculiarity distinguishing the brain of man from those of the higher apes. According to Marshall, however, one of the most essentially human characters in the brain of man is the want of symmetry in the arrangement of its primary fissures and convolutions on the two hemispheres. This asymmetrical condition was well marked in the brains of the Bushwoman and the Hottentot Venus, though even in the brains of the highest apes the departure from absolute symmetry of these parts on the two sides is so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

Other considerations to which I will now allude make this asymmetrical arrangement of the convolutions on the two hemispheres of the human brain a matter of extreme interest. Some years ago it was first pointed out by Dr. Boyd, as a result of his most extensive investigation into the weight of the brain and its component parts, that he almost invariably found the left cerebral hemisphere heavier by nearly one-eighth of an ounce than that of the right side.

We have ourselves also recently been investigating the specific gravity of the different parts of the human brain, and have obtained some curious and interesting results from an examination of the convolutional grey matter of the cerebrum. For, in addition to the fact that different specific gravities are met with in the same brain of grey matter from the frontal, parietal, and occipital convolutions respectively (the nature of these variations being pretty constant when different brains are examined) we have very frequently found differences on the two sides of the brain, and moreover that the *average* specific gravity for grey matter from each of these three regions is about two degrees higher on the left than it is on the corresponding part of the right hemisphere. Although the average numbers are higher, however, on the left than on the right side, it is by no means always so in every brain, or, when it does occur, in all three regions of the same brain. This difference seems to be met with more frequently in the grey matter from the parietal convolutions than in that from the frontal or occipital regions. Very rarely indeed has an excess of density been met with on the right side. At all events it is an interesting fact that the specific gravity of the grey matter is not the same over the whole surface of the cerebrum, and that, just as it is specialized by its localization in certain convolutions, so do we find a further specialization of structure as indicated by differences in its specific gravity. For may not these changes be in some way indicative of different functions appertaining to the several convolutions? The average increase of specific gravity of the grey matter of the left hemisphere may perhaps partly afford an explanation of the absolutely greater weight of this half of the cerebrum as ascertained by Dr. Boyd, though perhaps it may also be in part accounted for by the fact that, of the two asymmetrical hemispheres, a very slight excess of convolutional complexity is most frequently met on that of the left side. May not the greater use also of the right side of the body have something to do

with the increased weight of the left hemisphere?

In connexion with this structural difference of the two hemispheres, it may be interesting to allude to certain theories which have been advocated concerning the functions of the cerebrum. Some years ago the theory was advanced by M. Paul Broca, that the portion of brain concerned with the faculty of language was the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere; and he even went farther, since he attempted to localize it more specially in the third left frontal convolution. Dr. Hughlings Jackson, in this country, was also led independently to believe that impairment, not of the powers of articulation only, but of the command of language of any kind as a mechanism for the communication of ideas, was especially connected with lesions of the left anterior lobe, and paralysis of the right side of the body. He was led to this conclusion by observing that almost invariably, when paralysis of the body was associated with this impairment of the faculty of language, the injury to the brain was found to be in the left hemisphere, whilst, on the other hand, lesions of the right hemisphere and left paralysis were not usually associated with any such impairment. Exceptions have, however, been met with to this rule; but, even should it prove that future observations will confirm the fact that in the majority of cases these different effects result from injuries to one or other side of the brain, we should still have an enigma of a most puzzling nature to resolve. But we may well hesitate to accept the belief that any such faculty as that of language could be restricted to a portion of one hemisphere only, unless it were proved by the accumulation of evidence of the most indisputable character. For is it possible to look upon the operation of the mind when engaged in referring known objects or ideas to certain special and conventional attributes, such as names really are, as anything different from an ordinary process of reasoning? But, if this be the correct view to take of the nature

of naming and language considered as intellectual operations, it seems to us that, in order to retain the theory of Broca, it would be necessary to prove that either our general power of reasoning, or else the faculty of memory, was essentially connected with the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere! What evidence we possess bearing upon the subject seems rather to show that, notwithstanding the double nature and somewhat asymmetrical condition of the two hemispheres of the cerebrum, there must be a pretty close correspondence in function between similar parts on the two sides. It is true, indeed, that as regards the lower functions of sensation and power over locomotory acts, the brain is essentially a double organ, each hemisphere in these respects ministering to the sensations and powers of movement of the opposite half of the body; and from this analogy it has also been attempted by many to show that this duplex condition of the brain as an organ is associated with a certain duality of mind or consciousness. Such a theory of the "Duality of Mind," has been most fully expounded by Dr. Wigan, who believed that a separate train of reasoning could be conducted by each hemisphere separately. This is, however, a matter of pure theory, and the facts cited are almost equally explicable from a consideration of the extreme rapidity of all mental operations, and the supposition that in cases of apparent duality a rapid alternation of consciousness takes place. However this may be, it is, indeed, a remarkable fact that pretty well authenticated cases have been recorded, in which, with extreme disease and destruction of tissue, confined to one-half of the cerebrum, all the mental faculties have appeared intact. A general diminution of the mental power has been observed, but no aberration of special faculties. This would, of course, point to the belief that the functions of the corresponding parts of the two halves of the cerebrum are identical.

But let us turn from these speculations as to the functional relation existing between the two halves of the

cerebrum, to the equally interesting inquiry concerning the functions of their component lobes. Are we to admit the broad phrenological doctrine, that the anterior lobes are connected with the operation of the more strictly intellectual faculties, whilst the posterior are principally concerned with the propensities? Can we in fact say which lobes may be considered to be chiefly concerned with the highest faculties, and which are therefore most characteristic of man?

It is a fact well known to comparative anatomists that the brain in many fishes is made up of three pairs of ganglia in longitudinal series, followed by a single median portion representing the cerebellum, which lies on the medulla oblongata, or continuation of the spinal cord. Of these three pairs of ganglia the most anterior, or olfactory, are almost invariably the smallest, whilst the posterior, answering to certain portions of the so-called *central ganglia* in man, are usually notably larger than the median pair. This median pair is, however, the one to which we wish particularly to call attention, since, in addition to the most anterior of the central ganglia in man, of which its two halves are partly composed, these are the only representatives of those cerebral hemispheres which in him attain such an enormous development. It can be shown, moreover, that these rudiments of the cerebrum must not be considered as the foreshadowings of the entire organ, but that they must, on the contrary, be regarded as answering to the *anterior lobes* of the cerebral hemispheres only. The increasing complexity of brain met with in ascending through the series of vertebrated animals, speaking generally, may be said to be especially due, partly to a diminution in the size of the olfactory lobes, though more particularly to the progressively increasing size of the cerebral hemispheres, and the degree of their backward extension, at first over the posterior pair of ganglia, and lastly over the cerebellum itself. Throughout the classes of fishes, amphibia, reptiles, and birds, though the cerebral ganglia go on increasing in size, still they are the repre-

sentatives only of the anterior lobes. In the lower mammalia the middle lobes first make their appearance, and then gradually increase in size, till at last, in the higher forms, the first rudiments of the posterior lobes appear. If we inquire as to the method of development of the brain in the human embryo, we find that here also the same order is observed. The first traces of the cerebral hemispheres are evidently rudiments only of the anterior lobes, enclosing the anterior pair of central ganglia, as in fishes: at progressively later periods these increase in size and extend backwards, covering successively the posterior ganglia and the cerebellum, by the development and growth from the original portions, first of the middle and then of the posterior lobes. The backward development of the hemispheres, and the extent to which they cover the cerebellum, have, indeed, by some anatomists been considered as a rough guide to the degree of development of the intellectual faculties of the animal. The possession, indeed, of posterior lobes overlapping the cerebellum, with structures contained in them, has been considered a matter of so much importance, that one celebrated anatomist in this country sought to make it the fundamental distinction differentiating man from the higher apes; and on this account to place him in the zoological scale alone, in a distinct subclass of the mammalia. These statements, in the face of such abundant evidence to the contrary, naturally met with the most strenuous opposition from other anatomists. We will not recapitulate points of a controversy, which it would be better rather to bury in oblivion, but will quote from Professor Huxley statements concerning the cerebral lobes in the quadrumana, which have received the acceptance of fellow-workers in the same subject. He says:—"It is a remarkable circumstance, that though, so far as our present knowledge extends, there is one true structural break in the series of forms of simian brains, this hiatus does not lie between man and the man-like apes, but between the lower and the lowest

"Simians; or, in other words, between the old and new-world apes and monkeys, and the lemurs. Every lemur which has yet been examined, in fact, has its cerebellum partially visible from above, and its posterior lobe, with the contained posterior cornu and hippocampus minor, more or less rudimentary. Every marmoset, American monkey, baboon, or man-like ape, on the contrary, has its cerebellum entirely hidden, posteriorly, by the cerebral lobes, and possesses a large posterior cornu, with a well developed hippocampus minor."

In connexion with these facts concerning the development of the cerebrum in the vertebrate series, and in the human embryo, let us call to our recollection the convolutional differences stated to obtain between man and the apes, and the greatly-increased development in him of the transition convolutions of the posterior lobes and the "supra-marginal lobule" adjacent to them. These facts surely are sufficient to make us direct our inquiries with increased interest towards all details bearing upon the growth and anatomy of the *posterior parts* of the brain; since in them do we find most of those cerebral differences which serve to distinguish man from the lower animals. Of especial interest, therefore, are Professor Marshall's observations upon the occipital convolutions of a brain belonging to an individual of so low a race as that of the Bushwoman, when he states as follows:—
 "The three rows of *occipital convolutions*, which in quadrumanous brains of moderate complexity are simple and easily distinguishable, but which in the anthropoid apes assume a puzzling complexity, become, as is well known, in the human brain so highly complicated and involved with the external connecting convolutions that a detailed description of them is almost impossible. Considered generally, they are remarkably defective in total depth and in individual complexity in the Bushwoman's brain. The vertical depth of the three rows and of their connecting convolutions in the Euro-

pean brain is 2.75 inches; in the Hottentot Venus brain 2.25 inches; in the Bushwoman only 2 inches. This deficiency affects all three rows of occipital convolutions, but is especially noticeable in the inferior row, along the lower border and extreme point of the occipital lobe. This is, perhaps, the most defective region of the Bushwoman's cerebrum." It has also been mentioned before that in this brain the highly-important external connecting folds or "plis de passage" were, "in comparison with those of the European brain, still more remarkably defective than the primary convolutions."

Can we maintain, after evidence such as we have just detailed, that the anterior lobes of the cerebrum in man are the parts most likely to be concerned in those higher intellectual operations by the excellence of which he is so very far removed from the highest quadrumanus? Does not the developmental history of the cerebrum point rather to the inference that, so far as *any* localization of faculties is possible, we should be led to expect that the anterior lobes, in harmony with their early appearance in the vertebrate series, would be more intimately concerned with the intellectual faculties or feelings of a lower type, such as we might expect to find in every vertebrate animal, be it fish, reptile, bird, or mammal; that the middle lobes, appearing for the first time in the lower mammalia, would deal with intellectual operations of a more complex kind; whilst, finally, the posterior lobes appearing only in the highest mammals, and whose development culminates so significantly in man, should rather be looked upon as the organs destined to take the most active part in those highest and most subtle intellectual operations which are his proud prerogatives? Of course, we can quite imagine that the increased development of the cerebrum in the vertebrate series would produce continual specializations of function, and that, as a consequence, there would be an increased necessity for maintaining a thorough interdependence and connexion between these faculties, tending to blend

them more closely and inextricably together into that meshwork of relations of which our psychical nature is known to consist. Such being the case, it would seem almost as impossible to have any minute localization of independent faculties as it would be difficult to portion out our psychical nature into any great number of operations radically

different from one another. Still, broad groups of functions may be more intimately connected with particular lobes; and, if such be the case, then we believe the evidence in our possession points to the posterior rather than the anterior lobes of the cerebrum as those concerned more especially with the highest intellectual operations.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

X. OF THE IDEA OF MODERN ART.

SOUTHEY, in one of his letters, I think, tells us that, when on a journey, he was in the habit of carrying with him some small book that would go into his pocket, such for instance as Erasmus's Colloquies—a book at any rate that was packed as full as the traveller's carpet-bag with thoughts which might serve as texts for his mind to dwell upon, and, it may be, built up into independent discourses. And I suppose that, with the exception of fiction, which has its use in cheating men of their petty griefs, every book is only useful in so far forth as it ministers to thought and reflection in the reader, as it supplies him with texts for sermons of his own.

And assuredly the mere act of travelling stimulates the thinking faculty in a wonderful manner. I suppose physiologists account for it by saying that there is an increased determination of blood to the brain. However this may be, only let us place our thinker in an express train, to traverse a country with which he is unacquainted, so that there may be a few surprises, or gentle stimulants to the mind *in transitu*, and we may depend upon it that more and grander thoughts will pass through the coiled chambers of his brain than we shall ever get from him, I fear, on paper. Dr. Johnson's ideal of earthly felicity was, I believe, to be travelling at a rapid rate in a postchaise, with a pretty woman for a companion. Personally I would rather dispense with the pretty woman

(except, of course, it be one's wife); but the rapid travelling through a country one does not know by heart is undoubtedly most pleasurable and stimulating; giving one glimpses of bits of country scenery and country life, which, in the momentary glance, *frame themselves* into most perfect pictures; quickening the brain to think or dream, as it will; giving it every moment fresh food for thought, or fresh material out of which to build the fabric of the pleasantest day-dreams.

Following Southey's advice, then, I took with me as travelling companion on a journey the other day a book of Essays lately published. In this book I chanced upon the following passage, which will supply me, I think, with sufficient material for an Essay of my own. The writer is arguing that special faculties which have been cultivated in this world will probably find no scope for their employment in another. What employment, he says, will the orator, for instance, find in a world where there is no wrong to be attacked, and no right has to be defended? And he adds, "Do the followers of Art arrogate 'better right of perpetuated exercise to 'their special talents; or may we not 'rather doubt if an immortal being, 'removed from the sphere of academies 'and galleries, exhibitions and patrons, 'would even desire to go on through 'eternity sculpturing and painting?'"

Now this remark trenches upon a subject which has often puzzled the present writer; and which, as an Essay

does not pretend to be a doubt-resolving treatise, or anything more than a bundle of suggestive thoughts loosely put together, may fairly I think be placed before the reader. The author of the sentence I have copied evidently calls upon common sense to affirm his question. The motion is to be carried *nem. con.* No immortal being, he means, can possibly desire to go on through eternity sculpturing and painting.

But, leaving the Fine Arts to take care of themselves for a while, we will descend to a lower arena, and take our stand-point there. We will go to the mechanical arts, and observe them; to those arts which do not pretend to be quickened by the soul of thought, as the fine arts are, but are purely manual; which minister to man's necessities, rather than to the pride of his intellect or the softness of his luxury. We will take our stand by the work-bench of the hard-handed artizan or mechanic, who is earning his daily bread by the exercise of a skill which it has taken him the best years of his life to acquire. See with what art he uses that delicate tool which produces strokes as fine as a hair, results which are almost microscopic in their effect. The business of his life has been to gain that dexterity of hand which in the sight of the undexterous bystander is little short of miraculous. This has been his life-toil, and has become, one may say, almost his life-pleasure. Now, with respect to a future state of existence, is that man's life—in so far as his special talent is concerned—a wasted life? Are all these years of labour and effort absolutely thrown away, and to be as if they had never been? The calling to which God has called him here, and which God's natural laws have made him to love with an ever-increasing affection, is it to be an utter blank hereafter? If this be so, I can only say that it contradicts the whole analogy of God's dealings with men.

And why should it be so? Because the life of the other world is wholly a spiritual life. But what do we know of the next life, and what do we know of

spirit? To my mind revelation expressly contradicts the dogma. The Pattern Man, who, I suppose, is as much our example after death as before,—the Pattern Man, it will be remembered, said expressly to His disciples, "Touch Me and see; a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have." But in fact, Protestantism, fearing—and justly fearing—the sensualism of Rome, has gradually spiritualised and allegorised all religion, till it has made the resurrection body a phantom, and heaven itself a metaphor.

Returning then to our former subject, I would remark that the essayist whom I have just quoted, in saying that no man could desire to go on through eternity painting and sculpturing, seems rather to degrade the Fine Arts to the level of the Mechanical. He does not seem to recognise any soul of thought or feeling beneath the forms of painting and sculpture; or one might say that there is every reason why that soul should survive even when the form itself is dead. To put the case another way. Whilst the hand of the artist is occupied in the mechanical part of his art, painting and sculpturing, his soul, including the intellect and affections, is also occupied in producing an *idea* of beauty, which the hands strive to embody, so that it may be conveyed to the souls of other men through the medium of their eyes. Well then, when the artist-spirit has quitted for a while its earthly tabernacle, still as a living, thinking essence, it must continue to have its *idea* of beauty (for a thinking instrument necessarily implies a thought); and if that *idea* be not identical with the *idea* in this life, it can only be because the subject which has engaged the artist here in painting and sculpture has been temporal and trivial, and therefore unworthy to be the occupation of a glorified spirit.

There is therefore an ideal (to change the word) of painting and sculpturing, with which an immortal spirit may fairly desire to occupy itself even in a future state of existence. Now, practically, what is this ideal in modern art? Is it

one which may reasonably be associated with the glorified spirit of a man? Or is it merely mundane and temporal in scope and tendency? A practical question this, which every man, I think, may best answer for himself by visiting the head quarters of modern British art, and noting what he has eyes to see there. Suppose we go together.

It is an afternoon, then, early in May; and this shall be for the nonce a poet's May, and not a modern English one, with biting blast, so that we may stand for a moment without inconvenience by the columns of the portico of the Royal Academy, and look down. *Suum cuique*. A good deal of nonsense has been talked about the spoiling of the finest site in Europe; but, after all, my country friend (et ego in Arcadia vixi), where will you match that scene? The principal building may be ugly enough, but at any rate just now we have got our backs to it, and—and, in truth, we are not a sauntering people, and don't care for our edifices to be obtrusively beautiful. Yet I affirm that this view is in no way a mean or undignified one,—the Omphalos, as it is, of a capital of mixed labour and luxury. And from our vantage ground, we look down where the two currents of luxury and labour meet and clash; where, like the long line of foam which marks the turning of the tide, Whitehall stretches out to the great Law Factory of the nation, and Sir Charles Barry's Pharos rises into the London fog-clouds, which are dark and hazy now, but yet know well enough how to burn with vermilion and orange when the sun smites them at its rise or setting.

But our business is within. This, then, we say exultingly, on entering the rather shabby building which holds the art treasure of England, this is the outcome of modern British art in the nineteenth century, the great satchem or congress of the high-art lovers and producers of our day. Hasten on. Let us dive through the crowd, and look around us. . . . But, after all, are we doing well? Is not the crowd the very object which we came to observe; the living

human nature about us, rather than the dead (and sometimes buried) nature upon the wall? For really, if we are to judge of the use and service of art, in this our day, how can we do so better than by noting the effect which the best productions, as I suppose, of modern art have upon the men and women of the day? We all know perfectly well, of course, what uses, theoretically, the fine arts subserve: that they are meant to fill a void in man's nature; to subsidise human life with something of superhuman excellence; to throw a colouring, as of sunrise light, upon the coldness of the earth; and, as spice-odours are wafted from unseen islands to weary mariners at sea, to bring to immortals a sweet token and remembrance of their immortality. These services, at least, the fine arts perform for men, or they are nought. And what, then, are the feelings called forth by the picture-covered walls of the Academy, the picked specimens of modern British art, in the crowd which now surges round them? The reader may remember in one of Wordsworth's most thoughtful, and yet most simple poems, a description of the effect produced upon a number of common-place people—mere passers-by in a London street, by a view of the full moon through a telescope, which a showman had planted in one of the less crowded squares. The poet remarks that he expected this lovely spectacle to delight every gazer who was privileged to enjoy it. But to his surprise it was not so. No: whether it was that the contrast between earth and the brightness of the heavens was too glaring; whether it was that the gazer's mind had been travelling a long way, and was scarcely reconciled to its return, he knew not; but certainly each one who looked through that telescope went away seemingly in more solemn mood, perhaps even less happy, than he had been before.

We see no such result here, at any rate: and yet I suppose that some of the grandest scenes of God's earth, some of the most perfect forms and colours of God's creation, some of the noblest and

most heroic deeds of men made in God's image,—and with all of these subjects modern art is doubtless more or less conversant,—reflected back to us from the mirror of the painter's mind, pure and undistorted in proportion to the clearness and nobility of that mind ; I suppose that these things ought to produce an effect of some sort upon human beings. But probably, of this great crowd, fully one-half are occupied solely with themselves, each one for him or herself being the centre of a universe whose circumference is fashion, and its diameter, pride ; people upon whose minds civilization has had an injurious effect, weakening instead of strengthening them ; and whose torpid feelings can only be stirred by that which would be poison to the healthy soul. At any rate we can scarcely wonder that art should fail to move those whom nature touches not. But upon the other half of that surging crowd the influence of art would seem to be twofold. There are those who love art because it brings nature home to them ; and there are those who love nature herself only for the sake of art. These latter we may call the slaves of art. They are engrossed with its technicalities ; from their lips you will hear that verbiage of art-cackle which is a feeble echo of the painter's studio. They live in a sort of stage-world of their own ; the earth and sky—this brave overhanging canopy, look you, being merely so much scenery and decorations ; and the beautiful in nature only interesting them as it suggests that painter's chiaroscuro, or this painter's colouring. But the few, the small residuum that remains, after we have evaporated these watery particles with which the art-world is diluted, what is the hold which art really has upon them ? What ideal do they look for and find in modern painting ? Well, in those hot and dusty galleries of the Academy, forgetful of glare, and heat, and art-cackle of dilettantism, forgetful of professional worry, or the hard exi-

gencies of their daily bread, the healthy naturalism of the art they love (for to their patriotism or their piety painting has no message now), places them in quiet country scenes, just as the umber woodlands are stippled with green ; where on hedge banks the rather primrose stars the grass with its pure, pale blossoms, the violet, from between the moss-grown ash roots, fills the soft air with sweetness, the clustering hyacinth brings down the blue of heaven to mingle with the tender green of budding leaves ; where the crozier-like shoots of the fern uncurl themselves from the crumbling mould, and the white bell of the trembling emerald-leaved oxalis rings out its fairy chimes, unheard by mortal ear. Or they stand, spell-driven by the unseen artist's hand, on some bare mountain side, where the hawk's scream, and the lamb's bleat, are the only sounds, save when the winds make their voices to be heard—to be alone with God. Or Mr. Hook takes them into some sweet cove of Devonshire or Cornwall, where clear green ocean laves a slaty, rock-bound coast, and unfolds before them the life of the fisher village, like some idyllic dream of sinless, but yet mortal folk. Is it not something to realize *this* in a hot town, with bad smells, high prices, keen competition, a Church fighting for its life, a storm brewing east, west, north, and south, on the political horizon, and a general election coming on ?

We must not ask from art more than art can give us. All the arts of civilization are but so many efforts of man to escape from himself. And it is something for him to have found in the fine arts an innocent alleviation of his life's troubles, and a promise of that ideal beauty, that ideal calm, for which his soul is yearning, and which *they* can but imperfectly satisfy, but which he believes shall be abundantly realized—and after no merely phantastic or phenomenal sort—in the glory of the new heaven, and the new earth.

TRADES' UNIONS, STRIKES, AND CO-OPERATION.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P.

For years past there has been an uneasy feeling throughout the country at the frequent recurrence of strikes and lock-out in one branch or another of our great productive industries. Since 1851 indeed we have had an almost constant succession of them. The engineers, the colliers, the cotton-spinners, the artisans of the building trades, followed one another at short intervals; and lastly came the dispute of this summer between the iron-workers and their masters, and the whole country is fairly startled by the proportions which the civil war is assuming. When a local dispute between the masters and men of a small district can lighten up in a few days into a blaze over the whole north and centre of England, paralyze the most flourishing of our trades, and threaten some quarter of a million of people with utter destitution, it is no longer the question of a section of the nation: our own houses are in danger. It is high time for us all to look into this matter. "For," to quote one of the ablest writers on the subject, "these struggles, from their scale, results, and obstinacy, from the marvellous organization they imply, from the prospect of a boundless reserve of power behind one side and the other, open to the thoughtful politician visions of industrial battles and convulsions to come of which these are but the symptoms and prelude. As these disputes grow less lawless they grow more disciplined"—what they forego in direct violence they acquire in indirect destructiveness. They are gaining the system and energy of true political struggles; they threaten the public peace at least as much as the markets; they are becoming wars of classes for rights, institutions, and powers."

This is no over-statement of the case. I am only anxious that we should

look these facts quietly and dispassionately in the face. They are far too serious for any man who loves his country to come to the consideration of them in a partisan spirit. We may sympathize with one side or the other—we may believe that, if the battle is to be fought out, the triumph of the masters, or of the men, is the one thing to be hoped for,—but every man who has ever tried fairly to place himself in the position of an actor in the struggle will acknowledge how much each side has to say for itself. Whoever will take the trouble to inquire into what is going on amongst the working-classes will find, that, in every branch of industry in which skilled labour is employed, the trades societies are working with marked success towards amalgamation. In several of the chief trades (notably in the case of the engineers and machinists) the internal organization is even now almost perfect. The scattered societies in the same trade are everywhere giving signs that they are beginning to feel an irresistible attraction in this direction. And the impulse does not end here. The different trades are cautiously taking the first steps towards united action. As yet these labour-parliaments are in their infancy. The great societies are still somewhat jealous of such bodies as the London Trades' Council. They have been accustomed to rely wholly on their own strength, not to look outside their own body. They have been slow to recognise any authority in central councils in which the representatives of the weaker trades must have seats and votes. In the councils themselves there have been, and are still, schisms and bitter heart-burnings, which have led careless observers to declare in one place or another that such a combination as they are aiming at is impossible.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. We are living in the age of association: that more than any other is the characteristic of our time. The blindest of us cannot help noting the giant strides this principle is making in every other department of life. It is at this day hardly possible to believe that not fifteen years ago all association in trade was a most expensive and hazardous undertaking: not only was the whole spirit of our legislation opposed to limited liability, but many of the first mercantile men in the country were prophesying utter ruin and collapse to the prosperity of England if the laws were relaxed. Well, we have not only relaxed them, but swept them clean away into the great waste-paper basket, so that in fact only one shred of the old restrictions remains, to which I shall have to allude presently. And what has been the result?—that the whole trade of the country, even the great mystery of banking, which we were told could never, I will not say flourish, but exist, under any but the old system, is falling into the hands of companies. I am not saying that there is not much that is unsound in this rush of the whole trading activity and enterprise of England into association under the Limited Liability Acts. The daily experience of our law courts shows the contrary. Much misery and ruin is being caused by it. It offers alarming facilities for unscrupulous men to prey upon the community. I only insist on the great fact, which no one can ignore or deny. And I say that, the impulse having been given, we shall never retrace our steps. The bursting of hundreds of bubble companies will scarcely delay the march for a moment. It will pass on amidst the dust and *débris* of these to the firm ground beyond.

And while this process has been going on with respect to the capital of the country, an even more remarkable change has taken place amongst those who have no capital but their skill and labour to throw into a common stock. Fifteen years ago there was not one united trade in England. Small local unions struggled to keep together a few hun-

dred members in their own towns and districts. There was next to no intercourse between these societies. They were often jealous of each other, sometimes hostile. Each branch of the great trades had its small separate organization. Thus in the engineers' trade the engineers, pattern makers, machinists, and smiths, had in many cases each their separate union in the same town. Now all is changed. There is, I believe, no single great trade in which amalgamation is not progressing. In that of the engineers, cited above, there is one great society including every department of skilled labour, having a branch in every great town in the United Kingdom, and already striking root in the colonies; with an income of 70,000*l.* a year, and a reserve fund of some 90,000*l.*; which distributes 1,000*l.* weekly in benefits to its members, and commands the allegiance of 30,000 of the ablest workmen in the world. With examples of this kind before their eyes it is simply a matter of time with the other trades.

The point which this process of amalgamation has already reached may be judged from what has happened in the last few months. The facts are familiar to us all. Whatever else may be doubtful as to the Staffordshire lock-out, it is abundantly clear that, had the men in the district been willing to fight their battle in accordance with the views of the central authority in their own trade, they would have been supported not only by that trade, but by the unions throughout the country.

The same example has shown us also how far the organization of the masters on the other side has already progressed, what proportions it is likely to assume in the future, what its policy is likely to be. I am not writing as the advocate of either side. I only wish to bring out clearly the fact of the present antagonism between the employers and their workmen. The unions of workmen, one and all, whatever other objects they may have in view, insist on their right to a voice in the regulation of the rates of wages, and the hours and con-

ditions of labour. The unions of the masters are unanimous in their determination to ignore this alleged right. It is quite true that both sides have of late changed their methods of fighting. We hear no more on the one hand of the brutal outrages on persons and property which used to accompany every strike and lock-out. Staffordshire, of all counties, is the one, perhaps, in which such things would have been most likely to occur. But not a single instance of violence happened during all the excitement of the late lock-out. On the other hand, the masters have given up the high-handed methods of former years, and have consented to treat with deputations of their men. The two sides have met in conference, sometimes alone, sometimes in the presence of third parties. Sanguine persons, in the press and elsewhere, have hailed this as a sign that the antagonism is passing away, that the two camps will soon be struck, and the two hosts mingled in one united army of industry. I can see no such hope while the present system lasts. I rejoice as much as any one in the improved *feeling* which has grown up on both sides. It is a great thing that masters and men should be able to meet at all, and discuss trade questions courteously. But the more closely we look into the reports of these negotiations, the more clearly shall we see that while the antagonism of *feeling* has decreased, the antagonism of *interest* is as strong as ever. A writer in the *Times* signing himself "An Ironmaster," in his answer to Professor Fawcett, brought out the true present position very clearly when he said, that in all other matters he was on the most friendly terms with his men: that he believed they would be ready to do him or his family any kindness: but that the moment a trade dispute arose, these very men would not hesitate to go with their union, and would see him reduced to beggary without compunction. I have not the exact words, but remember the substance too well. And this I believe to be true. The antagonism of interest remains; and both sides see this more

keenly than ever. Both are mustering their forces for greater efforts. As Englishmen they can meet on friendly terms on neutral ground, but as masters and men there can be no peace till one side or the other is thoroughly defeated.

A disastrous state of things surely for our common country! I believe that, even in spite of this civil war, the energy and enterprise of England will not allow us to fall far behind in the competition with other nations so long as we keep our workers at home. But I do look with a feeling akin to consternation at the marked development of the desire to emigrate which is springing up in the ranks of our skilled mechanics and artisans. The cessation of the war in the United States will stimulate this an hundred fold. Every inducement will be held out to them in America. The Homestead Act alone is temptation enough to decimate our great towns. And it will no longer be an exodus of the men who carry nothing with them but strong arms. It is the highest skill and the best brain of the great army of workers which is now getting restless, and threatening to leave us.

There is indeed urgent need of a solution of this labour question, and happily there are signs that the two parties in the strife are no longer to be left to fight it out to the bitter end. Statesmen and politicians are beginning to wake up to the terrible importance of the struggle, and the startled press is already tentatively throwing out suggestions and advice. The more light can be brought to bear from all quarters the better for us all. If masters and men must still fight, they will fight all the more fairly for knowing that the eyes of the nation are on them.

The first effect of this awakening has been the suggestion of Courts of Arbitration, or Conciliation, to settle trades' disputes. I do not propose to dwell on this side of the question, but this I must say in passing. Assume that trade tribunals are established; that the Legislature recognises the trades' unions, and gives them a corporate existence (without which, of course, it is childish to

talk of arbitration, for you cannot enforce awards against bodies which are outside the law), that the tribunals work as well as the French "*Conseils des Prudhommes*," that both parties agree to refer questions as to the rates of wages and profits to them. Assuming all this—and what that assumption amounts to we can test at once by asking ourselves how the House of Commons would receive "a Bill for incorporating certain bodies of mechanics and artisans heretofore known as Trades' Unions"—will the establishment of these tribunals end the strife? Will it do away with that antagonism of interest between masters and men already referred to? I cannot see that it will. Trade tribunals seem to me to be a good expedient for enabling the parties to continue their fight with the least damage to the nation. This, of course, will be an enormous gain. But the root of the evil will remain. We shall still have two hostile camps. What we want is a fusion of the armies.

And there are signs that such a fusion is not so hopeless as it would seem to be. For many years now the principle of co-operation has been slowly gaining ground amongst the best of the working classes. The difficulties in its path have been neither few nor small. It has had to win its way against adverse laws, the sneers of the outside world, the distrust, and secret or avowed hostility, of the trades societies, the dishonesty and selfishness of those who had come under its flag with the most ardent professions. When in 1848-9 the great stimulus to industrial association was felt in England, in consequence of the reports of what the Paris associations were doing, it was found that such societies in this country must depend absolutely upon the good faith of the members, for there was literally no form in which they could obtain the protection of the law. The Industrial and Provident Societies' Act of 1851 first grappled with this difficulty, and provided a partial remedy. It was amended twice in later years; but meanwhile the general current of legislation

had overtaken this outlying section of industry, and now under the recent Joint Stock Companies' Act, or under their own special statutes, associations of workmen are free to carry on their own trades for their own benefit without let or hindrance. The history of those years has been deeply interesting. One after another, working associations have risen up, have passed through the first stages of weakness, have achieved success beyond the hopes of their founders, and have broken down by mismanagement, by the jealousies of their members, or of the trades, by opposition from without. But notwithstanding all these failures, the principle has continued to gain ground; and now, not only amongst a few picked men, but through the great masses of English workmen, association is looked upon as the one remedy for all that is wrong in the present state of things, a promised land already spreading out before them, and inviting them to enter in and possess it.

But it is a promised land, as many have found to their cost, which can only be won by honest and valiant effort, through patient work and self-sacrifice. I cannot sufficiently honour the men who have laboured on for years without swerving to the right hand or the left in working out this great problem, the forlorn hope of the great army of labour. In this city there is one such band of men whom I am specially bound to notice, for I have watched them from their first humble beginnings eight years ago—I mean the Association of Carvers and Gilders in Red Lion Square. This association was founded by the secretary of the trades society, who gave up high wages and the foremost position in his trade to test the worth of the idea which he had accepted. He and the two brave men who started with him (one of whom is now dead) worked on and bore strongly up through trials which would have broken any but the staunchest spirits. With no help in money from outside, with a market to find in a close trade, through evil report and good report, they

have fought their way through to success by their own courage and honesty. They have now seven full associates, and ten young men preparing for admission, who have grown to manhood, and learnt their trade in the association. They have a stock and plant and good book-debts amounting to some 300*l.* and are now paying, to all alike, wages at the rate of 30*s.* a week for work which their fellows outside are glad to take at 24*s.*

If time allowed, I could add other illustrations equally remarkable. One at least will, no doubt, occur to every one here—that of the Rochdale Pioneers, which has been so often referred to in Parliament, and by public writers; in which, beginning from the other side, with the distribution of articles in common use, instead of with production in their own trades, a few working men have established and carried on with astonishing success one of the largest businesses in the very heart of that district of England in which enterprise is most highly developed, and competition most keen.

Here then again the impulse has been given, as in the amalgamation of the trades societies. Enough has been achieved to show that success is not only possible, but certain, to sober, industrious, and self-denying men. And here too we may be sure that there will be no going back. In proof of which I would point to the changed attitude of the trades societies to the little band of co-operators. They have been anxiously, even jealously, watching these experiments, and have come, slowly enough, but at last heartily, to the belief in co-operation. As yet no united trade has commenced work for itself, but every report of their meetings shows that there is no longer any real difference of opinion on the subject amongst the leaders. Within the last few months, help in money has been voted to associations out of the funds of trade societies. Such bodies move slowly and cautiously. The establishment of workshops is beyond their recognised functions. They have learned to appreciate the difficulty of the undertaking, as well as to acknowledge

its necessity. But whether in their societies, or outside of them, the ablest and best of the working men will soon be active co-operators. Are they to work out the problem alone, or will their employers at the eleventh hour make common cause with them, and bring to their aid the knowledge and the capital which would at once make the path easy? There lies the true solution of the labour question; and happily there are signs already that employers of labour, here and there, are beginning to see this, and are ready to accept it. There are known instances in which masters are coming forward voluntarily to convert their business into limited companies, so that their workmen may hold shares in the capital, and become partners with themselves. I will not pause to refute those who preach suspicion of the motives of these men. There may be some amongst them who are merely seeking to bolster up a failing business; but the names of others are a guarantee that it is not from want of success themselves that they are asking their men to join them as true fellow-workers.

I look upon these men as only next in honour to the associates amongst the workmen, who through the toil and distrust and backslidings of the last fifteen years have persevered in their new life, and have ended in converting their whole class. They have done a great work for England, for they have passed first over the old economic Rubicon—the stream which was supposed to run so deep and so swift between labour and capital that no man might cross it and live. They have fairly cast behind them the dogmas that selfishness is the true principle of all trade, that a man must by some immutable law get as much out of his fellow-men and give as little as possible. They are pledged for the future to the watch-words of the other side—"All for each, and each for all," "A fair day's labour for a fair day's work." And I believe in my heart that they will find their profit in it, not only in the healing up of old breaches, in the extinction of the antagonism of interest between the working class and their own, in the content which they will be

spreading round their own factories and dwellings, but in mere material success. "I think," said Mr. Mill, in 1850, in his evidence before the Committee on the first Industrial and Provident Societies' Bill, "we can hardly set limits to the consequences that might arise in the way of improvement from the feeling that would be diffused through the whole of the persons employed in such an undertaking, in the moral improvement which it would produce in the workmen, in their conduct while at work, and at other times." We should hear no more then of scamped work, of intentional idleness on the part of workmen when the master's eye was not upon them,—complaints which have been made with too much reason, I fear, of late years, while the men too were acting on the old doctrine of giving as little and getting as much as possible—or, as the *Times* put it in a recent article, were regarding their masters as milch cows. And there is yet another sign that the good cause is advancing. There is a Government Bill before the House of Commons, the object of which is to enable masters to give their workmen a share in profits without giving them all the rights of partners in the business. I said at the outset that there was still a remnant of the old law which stood in the way of association. But that last legal obstacle may, I hope, now disappear. If the masters avail themselves largely of the powers which the new Act would give them, and if at the same time the establishments on the joint-stock companies' system work well, we may find that the dawn of a new day for our working brethren has risen on us suddenly out of the ever-deepening night of these angry years, and that the lock-out in the iron trades may be remembered as the last great battle of our last civil war.

POSTSCRIPT.—The above is from a paper read by me in the summer at a meeting called by the Working Men's Clubs and Institutes' Union, and which I promised to print. Since it was read, the Bill alluded to in it has passed into law, and under its provisions several firms have already taken their men into

association, as the word "partnership" is to be avoided. It would be premature to give any account of progress at present. The oldest of these experiments has not yet passed its first half-yearly accounts. Those who heard the statements made by Mr. Greening and others at the discussion on Association at Sheffield will be sanguine as to immediate success. Those who have believed in and worked for the principle through long years of discouragement will, however, be in no hurry to discount their hopes. It *may* be that we are now on the edge of the true solution of the labour question in England—that the example set by Messrs. Crossley, Briggs, Greening, and others will be followed largely and at once—that the knowledge of affairs and markets which these masters bring with them will supply just that which was wanted in the old associations; and, in short, it *may* be that the ball has been at last rolled over the brow of the hill, and will now go down merrily by itself on the sunny side without further effort. It *may* be so; but there are an amazing number of shoals and rocks in this stream, and these last barks may well founder, or stick fast, as so many of their forerunners have done. But, whether they do or not, the end will be much the same. If they get safely into port, it will come a little sooner—that is all. If they founder, out of every wreck a few will escape who will have laid hold of the idea, and on whom the idea will have laid hold. And so the army of those who believe that, with or without their masters, the wages-earners amongst us must undoubtedly become profits-sharers, and that in this way only can the war between labour and capital cease, will be always growing. And this belief has proved itself to be no faith without works, as hundreds of co-operative societies scattered over the whole country are testifying. It will bear the strain of any number of failures yet—though I cannot but hope that its trials in this way are nearly over, and that we shall soon see the nation converted to co-operation as thoroughly as it has been to free-trade.